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CONGRESS HAS APPROVED the Norbeck resolution authorizing the distribution of 40,000,000 bushels of government-owned wheat through the Red Cross and certain relief agencies to help the unemployed. Thus for the first time the Hoover Administration has acted to give direct federal aid to the needy. The Associated Press reported that, although Mr. Hoover's opposition to direct relief is well known, "in view of the fact that a commodity rather than money is involved he felt he should do his part in making the wheat available for food." This brings us around once more to the question of whether a pound of bread given directly is less likely to undermine American character than the giving of a dime which would buy that pound of bread. To us there appears to be no difference whatever between cash doles and food doles; charity is involved in either case. Nevertheless, we are extremely grateful that Congress has at last recognized that there are millions of Americans who are in dire need and must be helped. It was, of course, inevitable that someone should object to distribution of free wheat. Chairman Stone of the Farm Board has called the transaction unfair because it would take wheat away from the board "without paying for it." Apparently Mr. Stone really meant that it was unfair to take away from the Farm Board and its subsidiary sales agencies—the supposedly independent cooperatives—the opportunity to turn a profit on the sale of this wheat. If these agencies can make no profits, how are they to continue to pay the extravagant salaries which their officers are getting, while millions of workers and farmers are in want?

PROFESSOR BORCHARD of the Yale Law School made a statement published in the New York *Times* which admirably sums up what seems to the editors of *The Nation* the only possible stand for pacifists and liberals to take on the question of the economic boycott, specifically as applied to Japan. Professor Borchard makes several telling points: the boycott is not a peaceful measure; it would violate our treaty with Japan providing for the right of trade on equal terms with other nations; it would be harmful to the United States, vastly increasing the depression and adding considerably to the numbers of the unemployed; and the assumption that other Powers would join us is not to be taken too seriously. Summing up, Professor Borchard said:

> It [the boycott] is harmful because it is provocative, stirs up passions for war, strengthens the hands of militarists both here and in Japan, and, though sustained by a conviction of self-righteousness and moral superiority, is not well considered. Its advocates believe themselves to be friends of peace; perhaps they are, but following their advice would soon lead this country into war.

Of these points the most important is that the boycott is in fact a war measure. Defining "war" with the help of Webster's Dictionary does not argue away this point. And in the United States, where anti-Japanese sentiment has existed for many years, it is tampering with dynamite to augment and agitate that sentiment by proposals to outlaw trade with Japan.

HOW IS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS faring as a result of Japanese aggression in China? Most observers believe that the prestige and therefore the power of the League have been seriously, perhaps permanently, impaired by the war in the Far East. The Japanese have, of course, ignored the counsels of the Geneva organization. But a fair judgment will not throw all the blame for the League's weakness on the Japanese. It was all along presumed that at some time one Power or another would arise to challenge the League's authority and strength. The test has now come, and the League has been found wanting. Argue as they may, the delegates at Geneva cannot deny that a war has been begun and carried on in defiance of the League. The belligerents have even arranged a truce—such as it is—without regard to the activities of the Geneva peacemakers. Thus a dangerous precedent has been established which will very likely prove useful to other great Powers in the future, for precedents are still potent factors in international diplomacy. The smaller Powers at Geneva are now trying to save something from the wreckage; they are attempting by means of persuasive oratory and moral indignation to restore the League's prestige. But it is noteworthy that representatives of the larger Powers have taken little or no part

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in this oratorical gesture. They have even delayed carrying out the Assembly's request that they keep that body informed of all military movements in the Shanghai area.

THE LESSER POWERS know only too well that if Japan is allowed to get away with its Manchurian grab, no small or weak country will be safe from aggression. On the other hand, the larger Powers are none too anxious to take drastic measures to curb Japan simply for the sake of saving the League. They place their imperialistic interests in China before their interest in the League. They want to see which way the cat is going to jump in the Asiatic war before they take any action that might involve their national interests. And meanwhile, perceiving the opportunity the division at Geneva has given them, the Japanese militarists are continuing their push up the Yangtze valley. They are going about this invasion, now that they finally have the upper hand, as methodically as they did in Manchuria. More than 70,000 troops are being poured into the Shanghai sector. Captured towns are being given Japanese names. Spokesmen openly refer to "the expansion of greater Japan in the Yangtze valley." They say that an entire division of Japanese troops will be kept permanently in Shanghai. It should be apparent to everyone by now that the Shanghai operation was not intended simply as a blind to cover the annexation of Manchuria. The Japanese certainly want, as *The Nation* suggested on March 2, "something more in China than the mineral resources of Manchuria." And they obviously mean to get it, whatever Geneva or Washington may say.

THE MILITARISTS are not only defying Mr. Stimson and the League of Nations. They seem bent on disregarding the moderates at home, who in the past fortnight have for the first time taken a determined stand against military aggression. The press, only a month or two ago unanimous in championing the military party, is now divided, some of the more influential newspapers only asserting that Japan cannot afford to let world opinion grow more hostile than it is. The bankers and industrialists have told the government in plain words that Japanese economy cannot support an extended campaign on the Asiatic mainland. Increasing radical agitation is likewise causing some alarm. Even the government has acted by cutting down the army budget. But the War Office insists that reinforcements must be sent to Shanghai, because "it is impossible to tell how the Chinese will behave." And the reinforcements are duly dispatched, which shows who wields the real power in Japan. The militarists are in control. This may also explain the laxity of the police in dealing with the situation created by recent assassinations of public men. The latest to fall by an assassin's bullet is Baron Takuma Dan, managing director of the extensive Mitsui industrial and commercial interests. Like Inouye and Hamaguchi, Dan was an influential member of the moderate Minseito Party, which is opposed to militaristic aggression in China. Although Premier Hamaguchi was murdered sixteen months ago, the young patriot who shot him has not yet been brought to trial. The suspicion is growing in certain Japanese circles that with the help of the police and the patriotic fanatics the militarists mean to continue their control of Japan and carry out their war plans whatever the cost may be.

THE HIGH-PRESSURE anti-hoarding campaign got under way again on March 6 when President Hoover, Secretary Mills, Senator Robinson, and General Dawes united over the radio in branding the hoarder as anti-social and calling upon him to put his idle dollars into the new "baby bonds." The campaign has several interesting aspects. It reveals even more clearly than hitherto that the Administration's policy is to continue to ignore all the fundamental causes of the depression and concentrate vehemently on the consequences and symptoms. Of the four speakers who deplored the failure of the hoarders to keep their money in "sound banks," and so forth, only Senator Robinson, we believe, mentioned the fact that there had been such a thing as bank failures. Every one of the speakers studiously neglected to mention that there is such an institution as the Postal Savings Bank. The reason for this is obvious: the Administration is concerned lest depositors withdraw their money from the ordinary savings banks to deposit them in the Postal Savings. Yet to the extent that the "baby-bond" campaign is effective, it is just as likely to pull money from the savings banks as to pull it out of hoarding. For a number of reasons—the low 2 per cent interest rate on the certificates, the fact that the holder, unless he sells them, cannot get cash for them in less than sixty days, and, unless he can afford a deposit box, may have no safe place to put them—it may be thought that depositors will not withdraw their funds from savings banks to acquire the bonds. But for at least the first two of these reasons the currency hoarder also is likely to be reluctant about buying them.

THE NATION, as it has several times asserted, has little sympathy with the current outcry against the practice of short selling. But this attitude, *The Nation* admits, is, in the absence of genuine proof, based mainly on general considerations—on what used to be called "deductive reasoning." Fortunately, however, it is possible for the New York Stock Exchange, if it is sincerely thinking of the general interest and not merely of its own, to make an experiment which would be as nearly "scientific" as a social experiment is likely to be. It could, as *The Nation* suggested in its issue of last week, prohibit short selling for a trial period of, let us say, six months. This in itself, of course, might prove nothing—for if the prices of stocks continued to fall, the opponents of short selling could still argue that they would have fallen even more if short selling had continued, and if stock prices began to rise, the defenders of short selling could just as plausibly contend that they were due to go up in any case. What is needed here is what scientists call a "control." By rare good luck, this potential control exists in the New York Curb Market. The Curb Market does not deal in the same securities as the Exchange does, but its fluctuations, not merely over long periods, but from day to day and even hour to hour, correspond almost exactly with those on the "big board." If the Stock Exchange were to prohibit short selling for a given period, while the practice was unrestricted on the Curb Market, some genuine statistical knowledge of the effects of short selling might be made available.

THE FIRST DECISIVE TEST of prohibition sentiment in Congress since the Volstead Act was adopted will be made on or soon after March 14, when the House

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votes on the Beck-Linthicum resolution. This measure provides for adoption of a constitutional amendment returning the control of liquor manufacturing and sales to the States "under federal supervision." Further straddling of the prohibition question will be extremely difficult. So clearly does the resolution draw the lines between those who want prohibition on a national basis continued and those who would have the Eighteenth Amendment repealed that every Congressman will be definitely and permanently tagged by his vote on the measure. This, of course, leaves many Congressmen in a quandary, particularly those members who have heretofore ignored the wet sentiment in their constituencies. That sentiment has in many districts been growing, as the *Literary Digest* poll unmistakably shows. It seems certain that the wets will not win in this first test battle. However, they mean to carry their campaign to the polls next fall, seeking to defeat for reelection all those Congressmen who put themselves on record as drys by voting against the Beck-Linthicum resolution.

WHAT A FEW SENATORS call "independence" would be granted the Philippines within a period of nineteen years under a plan approved by the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs. The proposed arrangement would require the Filipinos as a preliminary condition to adopt a constitution acceptable to the President of the United States. This in itself is no mean obstacle as it would make freedom ultimately dependent on the personal whim of a single man, and we have already seen how successive Presidents have repeatedly promised independence without ever lifting a finger to redeem that promise. To make the question more complicated the Senate plan calls for a number of graduated economic and tariff reforms that appear designed more to confuse than to assist the movement toward independence. But the most obnoxious and harmful condition, one that would make independence a hypocritical sham, is that which would permit the United States to retain, in the words of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, "all fortifications, navy yards, and all of the other property and rights deemed necessary by the President." This, in the opinion of Senator Bingham, is necessary because then "no one would go to war with us over the Philippines." The gentleman from Connecticut should read Hector Bywater's "The Great Pacific War" to learn how ridiculously easy it would be for another Power to overwhelm our defenses in those islands. The retention of military forces in the Philippines would make a farce of independence just as military intervention has reduced other lands to the status of American protectorates.

JUDICIAL DIGNITY is very easily offended. The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* some days ago published a story concerning the manner in which Judge Franklin Taylor of the Kings County Court delivered his charge to the jury in a murder case. The court took offense at the tone of the story and at some of the factual material it contained. M. Preston Goodfellow, publisher, Harris M. Crist, managing editor, and Richard Thomas, reporter, were promptly cited for contempt. We are not acquainted with the technical merits of the points at issue, and it is conceivable that the *Daily Eagle's* story in one way or another violated some law. But if that newspaper has broken a law, it should be brought to justice in the normal, legal way. Clearly the courts must have some means of protecting their dignity, but the power to cite for contempt was never conferred upon them to put them beyond honest reproach or criticism. To abuse this power because of imagined wrongs or indignities is to resort to judicial tyranny.

EARLY IN JANUARY the Friends of the Soviet Union published a booklet called "Soviet Pictorial" that contained, along with some information about doings in Soviet Russia, a generous number of photographs showing Russian citizens in every sort of happy activity under the Communist state. One of the pictures was of the Red Square in Moscow; in the left background Lenin's tomb unmistakably reared its forbidding steps; in the foreground thousands of troops in parade formation filled the eye and the picture. The caption was "Parade of the Red Army on May 1." On February 24 the New York *Daily Mirror,* with admirable journalistic perspicacity, published a picture with the caption "More Jap Troops Rush to Woosung," and underneath the picture the description was even more explicit: "A few members of the contingent of Japanese reinforcements as they landed at Woosung Creek recently. More men were on their way yesterday to join in the defense against the new offensive expected to be launched shortly by the Chinese." Our readers will perhaps not need to be told that the two pictures were identical, Lenin's tomb and all. Woosung Creek and the Red Square, it is all one to the *Mirror.* This, as any teacher in journalism could explain to his pupils, is a very good trick and has been practiced before by some of our better-known journals. Do we need a picture? We already have a picture. Make the caption fit it. The result is called news.

THE DEATH OF ARISTIDE BRIAND removes from the European scene one of the few statesmen who have worked since the World War consistently and conscientiously for peace. It can be said of Briand that he really wanted to put an end to war. True, he was always quick to further French interests where he could. His plan for a United States of Europe was unmistakably designed to secure French hegemony on the Continent as well as to promote Briand's idea of a new internationalism. A politician who had taken any other position could not have survived for a moment in the ultra-nationalist France of the post-war period. Briand's value lies in the fact that he recognized the necessity of putting internationalism before nationalism; only political necessity compelled him to dress up his idealism so as to safeguard French national interests. The Briand idea will remain, and some day will triumph. Of that there can be little doubt. The man who was several times Premier and more often Foreign Minister of France did the world a great service also in fostering Franco-German rapprochement through his personal and intimate friendship with Gustav Stresemann. Both of these men, unhappily, are now dead, and there remains in neither country a strong or outspoken champion of rapprochement. To that extent Briand's passing is an immeasurable loss to the peace of Europe. At home the former Foreign Minister had of late been considerably weakened as a factor in French politics. His ideas, however, were gaining ground, as is shown by the growth of internationalist sentiment among French voters. Europe rather than France will be the chief sufferer from his death.

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Rumblings of a New World Crisis

THERE are distinct rumblings in Europe of a new world economic crisis. It is starting again, as did the crisis of last summer, in the field of international politics. Ambitious nations—meaning France primarily—are moving cautiously to gain new political advantages and new political strength. Other and less favored nations—meaning Germany and Austria—are moving just as carefully to defend themselves against the maneuvering of their neighbors. A month ago Austria in its desperation cried out to the larger Powers for help. Premier Tardieu responded by proposing that Austria join with Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkan states in forming a Danubian tariff bloc. Tardieu thus sought to revive the French plan for a Danubian Confederation which Paris first put forward in 1925 in the hope of consolidating its political grip on the Balkans and Central Europe. In brief, this was to be another attempt to choke Germany into economic submission. Germany, however, has countered the latest move of France by offering Austria preferential treatment in the matter of tariffs in return for similar special privileges for its own exports to Austria. Observers in Vienna have read into the German offer, and correctly so, a close resemblance to the ill-fated Austro-German customs-union proposal of a year ago.

What followed the customs-union gesture has surely not been forgotten. To stop the Austro-German plan the French deliberately set about to wreck the Creditanstalt of Vienna, which was then in dire need of assistance. The repercussions of the Creditanstalt affair were felt throughout Europe and even in this country. A wave of bank and industrial failures swept Central Europe; the international-exchange machinery began to "freeze," and in some countries broke down entirely; Germany was heading rapidly toward bankruptcy when the Hoover moratorium saved the situation, at least temporarily, but even this move was sabotaged by the French, with the result that more German banks and industrial corporations closed their doors, throwing the financial world into panic; and finally the political maneuvering of France had the effect of forcing England off the gold standard. The last chapter of this story has not yet been written.

Now France is again at work, seeking as in former years to add an economic *cordon sanitaire* to its political wall around Germany. Quite naturally the Germans are fighting back. The projected Danubian tariff bloc would give France no new economic strength, but it would immeasurably enhance its political grip upon Central and Southeastern Europe, for the Danubian bloc, to which Austria and Hungary would be added, would be dominated by the allies of France. Here France is working against natural economic forces. Germany needs these countries as a market for its industrial products. Germany can also absorb a great deal of their surplus farm products, which they must dispose of in order to survive. Throughout the depression the agrarian states of the East have, despite French political influence, been drawing closer in an economic sense to Germany. International trade statistics show this all too clearly. France, on the other hand, is so well balanced economically that it cannot offer the East European countries the market they must have for their agricultural products. France must use political pressure—and financial credits—to keep them in line.

But what will be the result of this renewal of political pressure? Into what sort of world has Tardieu thrown this latest proposal for the erection of an economic bloc directed against Germany? We gravely doubt that Europe is in any condition to withstand further political wrangling of this nature. The economic crisis of last summer is simply in a state of suspension; it has not yet been overcome. The world continues to drift fitfully toward no man knows what. Of course, on the surface there have been numerous attempts to correct the economic situation, but these attempts have all been of a patchwork kind, temporary palliatives, some of them destined in the long run to do more harm than good. For example, the British probably have helped themselves to a minor extent—though even that now appears questionable—by finally plunging into the tariff war. But it is certain that ultimately the British tariff will hurt Great Britain far more than it may now be helping that country. More certain is it that international trade has already been injured and that the British move has served to intensify the economic nationalism with which the world is cursed. Poland, Spain, and other countries followed England in raising their tariff barriers still higher; France replied by putting many of its imports on a quota or embargo basis; Germany took other measures to defend itself; and even Switzerland has taken action to guard itself against the dumping of other countries, particularly Germany.

Financially, although the British situation appears to have been somewhat relieved for the time being, there has been no fundamental change. The international credit of $100,000,000 to the Reichsbank is being renewed monthly, with no assurance that the Bank of France or one of the other participants will not break it off without notice. The *Stillhaltung* agreement, under which short-term deposits in Germany are technically protected, has been renewed, but this, too, hangs like a sword of Damocles over the German credit structure. The reparations and war-debt problem has not been touched. The Lausanne conference which was to have been held in January was postponed partly because of French obstinacy, partly because of the apparent intransigence of the United States—there will obviously be no solution of this problem until American public opinion gives way—and partly because of the widespread uncertainty as to the immediate future in European politics, too many national elections being on the way to permit any of the governments involved to take determined or definitive positions. Another conference at Lausanne is now scheduled for June. But the Hoover moratorium expires at the end of that month, and it is certainly questionable whether in the short time left before the expiration of the moratorium the Powers will be able to reach any sort of workable or just agreement. And there is little question that no such agreement can be reached unless the United States changes its stand. It is essential for Mr. Hoover and Congress to remember that all the Reconstruction Corporations that they can erect will not avail so long as Europe remains sick.

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The World Against the Lindberghs

IT is an unfortunate fact that once a child has been kidnapped from its parents, the interests of society and of those parents are almost directly at variance. Particularly is this true in the case of the Lindbergh baby, whose name is known to millions and whose father was lionized by the American public before the child was born. The parents in this and any kidnapping have only one thought—the safe return of their child; punishment for the kidnappers as a means of revenge is almost unthought of; punishment for the protection of society is thought of even less. To the parent, with his single idea, it would be far better if there were no penalty attached to the crime, and certainly no publicity. If he could deal quietly and directly with the kidnappers, pay his ransom, and receive his child back unharmed and in the shortest possible time he would be amply satisfied, and while, inevitably, thoughts of revenge for the hideous terrors suffered during the period of abduction would lurk somewhere in the back of his head, once the child was returned safe they would grow dimmer with every succeeding day of safety.

When it is observed how eagerly and insatiably news of the Lindbergh kidnapping is sought by newspaper readers, it is clearly apparent how this interest, this passionate sympathy, this generous desire, which springs on the whole from the deepest wells of the human heart, to be of some assistance to the suffering parents, stands in the way of their only desire, which is, as they have so frankly and admirably stated, to see their baby once more. Morbid curiosity plays its part to frustrate their wishes; thousands of motor cars have to be routed away from their front door; letters by the hundred are received every day from cranks, from persons seeking publicity, from many, many persons honestly desirous of being helpful; and the newspapers, responding to the eagerness of their readers for news, are exercising all the ingenuity of which they are capable to get pictures, stories, human-interest stuff, how the anxious parents are bearing up under the strain, how the house looks, what the baby's nurse can tell them, *and so on and so on*, to the extent of hundreds of columns of type and millions of words, snatched edition after edition by voracious readers. The Lindbergh mail is examined before it reaches them, the house is watched by troopers day and night, the police have turned the garage into headquarters for their work, mattresses for troopers to sleep on are strewn about the house, the telephone and telegraph are never still. In the midst of this veritable barrage of friendly industry, what likelihood is there of the kidnappers attempting to avail themselves of the immunity promised them by the Lindberghs? What likelihood, even, is there that the underworld will furnish a route through which the baby will come safely home and the ransom be safely paid? Indignant characters whose records and whose activities are of interest to the police are hot to deny that any honest crook would soil his hands with a crime so brutal; moreover, they intimate that if they could only get their hands on the kidnappers, they would take pleasure in making short work of them. Nor will the authorities promise immunity, if the identity of the kidnappers can be established even after the safe return of the child.

Society, in other words, with the best intentions in the world, is standing directly in the way of the persons whose interests it has so deeply at heart. And society, of course, out of its very sympathy as well as to protect itself from similar crimes in the future, would not consent that the penalty for kidnapping be abolished. The folly of increasing the penalty at this, or any other time, ought nevertheless to be clear. Proposals in Congress to make kidnapping a capital offense, proposals in various States to increase the punishment to life imprisonment or to long terms in prison can only hurt any given parent with a child who might be stolen for ransom. There are no reliable statistics in existence today to show that severe punishment ever stopped any crime, however horrible. The almost incredible person who can plan and execute a kidnapping is just unbalanced enough, probably, to be deluded with notions of his own ability to evade the penalty of the offense. Afterwards, when the dogs are after him, he will doubtless shiver in his hiding-place and with a combination of sniveling cowardice and the basest sort of boldness will wish to provide for himself the only method that promises safety for his own mean hide—the elimination of the booty.

The Lindbergh baby may be happily at home before this issue of *The Nation* reaches its readers. If he is not, and if one could wish the most possible help for the Lindberghs—and who in the country does not?—one would wish that not a word of the case appear in any paper for the next week. Without even stopping the activities of the police, this would probably be the most effective means of repairing a pitiful and agonizing loss.

No Violence

IT has frequently been subject for comment that in a winter when starvation was facing a considerable proportion of the population, when nobody knew exactly how many persons were unemployed but everyone was aware that the number was large, so little violence should have occurred. In New York City each night there can be seen various bread lines containing many hundreds of men; men without a place to sleep are frankly begging on every corner; from thousands of homes every morning the breadwinner walks dejectedly out of the front door and walks back into it at night with the same story—no work, no job, no hope. It is strange that with want and misery the daily companions of so many persons, desperation should not have become vocal and active, with bloodshed as the inevitable result.

In a certain section of the Bronx occurs a typical scene. A score of tenants have protested to their landlords that they cannot pay the required rent; they demand a 15 per cent rent cut; the landlord refuses and invokes the law; the city marshals appear to put the furniture on the street, the police appear to suppress trouble. The tenants provide provocation in plenty. Women shriek, men shout, the air is full of epithets aimed at the policemen and the eviction officers. Before one apartment house in upper New York City a crowd of several thousand growled and milled about threateningly; a general free-for-all was the only result.

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Four men and four women were arrested, but five of them were discharged in the magistrate's court where they were brought. Two of those detained were fined $5 each and the third received a suspended sentence. In several cases where trouble between tenants and landlords arose, the tenants were persuaded to return to their apartments and continue at their former rent; some succeeded in gaining a small reduction, but not the rather considerable amount they demanded; others have actually been dispossessed and their belongings for many days have remained piled on the sidewalks.

This is in curious contrast to the temper of the police on those occasions, not so long ago, when Union Square, the scene of a number of Communist gatherings, was cleared with the aid of the nightstick and with machine-guns in plain sight, and when a number of broken heads testified to the power and purpose of the law. With the advancing depression, the police, like the dispossessed and the hungry, seem to have been practicing caution. While in Illinois the National Guard has received orders to proceed against a mob with about the same tactics that they would use against an enemy in war time, in other parts of the country a more moderate temper prevails. In Philadelphia a careful canvass of the persons dependent on public relief revealed no violent spirit of any kind and no attempt to arouse one. The people out of work and without resource save public charity were despondent, hopeless, and resigned. They were engaged in no intellectual activities whatever; far from becoming wild-eyed radicals crying for the revolution, they confessed to reading nothing and thinking nothing about their situation or the situation of persons like themselves, except in so far as it specifically concerned what they should eat and where they should sleep.

This state bordering on lethargy, this complete acceptance of things as they are, without more than a vague desire to change them, and that not expressed, will be a source of profound satisfaction to those in power in the United States and a source of the deepest despair to many others. If those most directly affected by the present unequal distribution of wealth cannot be aroused to do something about it, how shall we ever find a way out? Yet it is probably far more realistic to admit that the temper of the American people is on the whole a docile temper. If a majority of them ever experienced a desire for revolution, which one may doubt, that majority has long since gone to its reward, led by the patriots of the Boston Tea Party. As a people we are far more likely to defend to the death the status quo than to shed our blood in an attempt to change it. We are schooled to the orderly processes of the ballot box and the law. Most of us will not break into a store and steal, even if we are hungry and cold. So far it is evident that the present economic depression has not changed that attitude of mind by any appreciable degree. We have often been called a lawless people, and by outward indication of law infringements we seem to be. But inwardly we are convinced—the vast majority of us is convinced—that things will pretty soon be better, that this is the land of opportunity, that we live in a democracy, that the people rule, that prosperity is inevitably to come again. Even with ten million out of work we feel this way. We shall need another ten million and then another ten before our docility can be expected to harden into action.

The Blush of Shame

UNDER the same title as that which heads this column, Barrett H. Clark has just published in pamphlet form a delightful little essay on the use of "forbidden words" in the theater. The essay as a whole was rejected by nearly fifty magazines and newspapers before a portion of it was finally printed by *Contempo*, but we are impelled to comment less because of this striking fact than because of the merits of the piece itself. No one ever discussed the whole ticklish subject with greater urbanity, or more suavely stated the case for freedom of language.

Squeamish people commonly pretend, of course, that literature in general and the theater in particular are corrupting good manners. But as Mr. Clark points out, every man and every woman who has not led an abnormally sheltered life is perfectly familiar with the sound of several words which have not yet been used upon the stage, as well as with every single one that has. However, though the theater thus lags behind life, it does nevertheless move. It keeps just one stage behind manners, and it dares to do whatever manners have just ceased to find daring. Shaw's use of "bloody" is the conventional example, but out of his detailed knowledge of the contemporary theater Mr. Clark writes a fascinating little history of the emergence of one forbidden phrase after another into dramatic dialogue.

Thus, for example, Clyde Fitch startled theatergoers in 1909 by putting into the mouth of one of his characters the line "God damn you!" About the same time, as Mr. Clark points out, a college professor of English literature referred to Ford's play as "'Tis Pity She's a Wanton," and the producer of Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" blue-penciled as a matter of course a reference to alleged canine ancestry. But about twelve years later the Lenox Hill Players ran advertisements in the New York papers announcing their performance of "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," and about the same time the three respectable judges of the Pulitzer committee decided that the play of the year best calculated "to reflect and maintain our national standards of good morals and manners" was a play which contained the following lines: "God is goin' to get me for sure! . . . He's sayin': 'Tony, you have been one goddam sonuvabitch for playin' goddam dirty trick on Amy.'"

Surely there could not possibly be any better proof of the fact that the impossible word of today is the possible one of tomorrow and surely there is much to be said for Mr. Clark's further argument that since we are shocked only by what is considered shocking, the most obscene tradition is that which has the largest number of taboos. "Damaged Goods" removed the ban from the discussion of venereal disease and closed the dramatic discussion of the subject, but sexual perversity is continually alluded to because there is a law against treating it openly. There are, he concludes, some dozen words which we all know but which have not yet been used upon the stage. He could say them under certain circumstances but he could not bring himself to print them. "That is why this otherwise clean little essay leaves you with a smirk on your face—I am a victim of the very code I am trying to demolish. I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself."

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The Crazy Democrats

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 5

BY comparison with the Democrats Uncle Andrew Mellon begins to look like a very radical fellow indeed, and before Congress adjourns we may be recalling him as the Secretary of the Treasury who delighted to soak the rich. Never in his most plutocratic days did he propose a tax program so perfectly designed to shake down the poor as that which Democratic House leaders are now preparing to recommend. Its principal feature is a general sales tax, denounced by Professor Seligman and many other experts as "the most inequitable form of taxation ever devised." Actually it is an upside-down income tax, because the smaller the income the greater the proportion which goes for taxes. The program has not been formally announced as this is written, but apparently the Democrats purpose to spare none of the necessaries of life except raw foods and a few sacred-cow items such as feed and fertilizer. Clothing, furniture, the elements which enter into the cost of rent and medical attention—all will be taxed if the tentative plan is carried out. The idea of the sales tax, of course, is to obtain revenue from everyone who buys something, instead of getting it out of large incomes and estates. Not even during the war, when surtaxes reached the top figure of 65 per cent, was a general sales tax seriously proposed. Smooty Smoot, the Mormon elder and beet-sugar papa, was virtually alone in suggesting it. Now the Democrats propose to stop the surtax rate at the very modest figure of 40 per cent, and to balance the budget by pilfering the pay envelopes of all those who still have jobs. One marvels that they do not also levy a tax on admissions to the bread lines. There has never been a general sales tax in this country; to introduce one is not merely to let the camel's head into the tent—it is to let the camel in.

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LET it be granted that the Democrats have inherited a nasty mess which they did not make. Let them have credit for wishing to balance the budget. Let it even be conceded that some form of luxury, excise, or selective sales tax may be necessary. Still it must be obvious that such drastic and extraordinary measures should not be resorted to until the possibilities of taxing wealth have been exhausted, unless we are ready to abandon the American doctrine that taxes should fall on those best able to pay them. A principle of equal importance is also at stake. Most thinking people agree that the concentration of wealth in comparatively few hands is largely responsible for present conditions, that a redistribution of the national income is imperative, and that the most natural way to accomplish that is through the taxing power. Opponents of higher income and inheritance taxes argue that they would not produce a proportionate increase in revenue. That is irrelevant. The real point is that now is the ideal time to adopt a permanent policy of restricting exorbitant incomes and shrinking swollen fortunes. It is the climax of irony that John N. Garner, who battled for "the common man" against the original Mellon plan, should now emerge as the most powerful sponsor of a tax bill which makes the Mellon plan look like a capital levy. It has yet to pass the House and—more important—the Senate, but viewing the present state of Democratic morals, I am prepared for the worst.

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IT is strange that President Hoover can contemplate the antics of his adversaries without being profoundly cheered. A more discerning man would be laying a wreath on the tomb of Thomas Jefferson every morning. But the poor man remains inconsolable, and one of his efforts to retaliate against those whom he considers his persecutors promises to cause him plenty of trouble. It should be explained that Hapless Herbert has long mistaken the stock market for the base of prosperity, whereas it is merely a not too reliable barometer. Nearly all his so-called "reconstruction" measures were obviously designed to boost the market. When the establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation failed to accomplish that end he was plainly disappointed—and suspicious. When a similar failure succeeded the enactment of the Glass-Steagall bill he was convinced that his suspicions were correct. Indeed, no less a spokesman than Senator Walcott announced upon leaving the White House that the Administration had obtained the names of the bear raiders who were thwarting the Hoover prosperity measures, and intended to deal sternly with them. Senator Walcott, like his Chief, is something of an amateur in politics. His proposal to investigate the wicked old bears was not only welcomed with enthusiasm by Progressives and some Democrats, but prompt steps were taken to include the bulls as well. Naturally this latter possibility had not occurred to the Administration, because a bull, being one which expects and desires the market to go up, is a patriotic animal. Alas, at this writing, it appears that no discrimination will be made by a hard-hearted Senate, and all Washington is wondering just how many of its idols will be destroyed in the exposure. What an irony it would be if some of them should be members of the Administration!

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PRACTICAL politics usually is a dull subject, but it is producing some singularly entertaining manifestations here. For one thing, Republican leaders are in a terrible sweat over prohibition. The outcome of the latest Congressional elections, the partial but impressive results of the *Literary Digest* poll, added to the multitude of symptoms which anyone can diagnose, have persuaded them that a dry platform would be fatal in the next campaign. But what to do? It is plain that the "noble-experiment" trick which in 1928 enabled Hoover to run dry in the West and South and wet in the East cannot be worked again. Something new must be devised—a plank on which Hoover can float and still be partly immersed. Such eminent hydraulic engineers as Postmaster General Brown, Ambassador Edge, and Secretary Mills are hard at work on the problem, but

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success is not yet in sight. On the Democratic side the situation is even more confused. When William Randolph Hearst pulled Speaker Garner's name out of the bag as a prospective Democratic nominee, most observers attributed it to age and idiosyncrasy. But if Governor Roosevelt is "stopped"—and it begins to look as if he will be—it will be Garner's candidacy that "stops" him. Right now a bet on Garner and Ritchie as the Democratic ticket seems as good as any. Al Smith is playing a deep game. Down in his heart doubtless he would like to have the nomination himself. Gratitude should dictate Governor Ritchie as his second choice, but actually I believe it to be the very eminent, the very persuasive, and, in his way, the very able Owen D. Young. As matters stand now the only candidate whom the Democrats are really supporting as a unit is Hoover. And it is possible that another four years of Hoover may be necessary to destroy both the old parties and give us an honest realignment in national politics.

Our Growing Tax Burden

By GEORGE T. ALTMAN

TAXATION is always an irritating subject. But since the war, particularly, it has been a subject of ever-present annoyance. Property taxes, income taxes, gasoline taxes, franchise taxes, inheritance taxes, and all the other forms of taxes have piled up in the United States to the present annual total of approximately $12,500,000,000—over $100 per capita—more than 18 per cent of the income of the people. Nor have they reached their limit. They are on a steady upward curve. How much farther they will rise it is idle to predict. But in the process of economic change which underlies this increase in the tax burden one can foresee not only still higher taxes, but fundamental changes in their very function.

It is, indeed, largely in terms of function that the increase in the tax burden must be explained. Such factors as the subject and distribution of the tax levies have their effect in determining the pressure of taxes. But it is to the functions or purposes of the levies that one must look for the causes of the rise in the aggregate of the tax burden.

Of the functions of government the common defense is the original and still the most costly. Not only during time of war, but during time of peace, the common defense still presents the largest single item of cost. Besides the current maintenance of the army and navy, there is the carry-over from war of pensions, interest, and reduction of the war debt. The carry-over, it is true, is a factor over which there is, at least after a war is over, but little control. Moreover, it is not an increasing factor in taxation at the present time. As to the current costs of maintaining the army and navy, there has been no extraordinary rise. In 1915 the military and naval cost represented 0.74 per cent of the national income; and in 1928 that cost was approximately 0.75 per cent of the national income. It is not, therefore, a very material factor in the rising cost of government. One must turn rather to the peace-time functions of government to discover the forces which underlie the steady rise in the tax burden.

Among the peace-time functions, that of enacting laws is the only one which costs less and less as the years go by. The cost of maintaining the Congress of the United States, the legislatures of all the States, and the legislating bodies of the local governments is a constantly diminishing percentage of the national income. Offsetting this, there has been a slight increase in the cost of interpreting the laws. Nevertheless, taking the total cost of general government, including the executive offices proper, the legislative bodies, and the judiciaries, the cost has materially diminished, dropping from 0.93 per cent of the national income in 1915 to 0.61 per cent of the national income in 1928.

All of the other peace-time activities of government show decided increases. Police and fire protection, health, recreation, and sanitation, charities, hospitals, and penal institutions—these present approximately the same high rate of growth; during the last two decades the cost of each one of them increased more rapidly than did the national income. That concentration in cities is the cause, as far as the State and local governments are concerned, there is no doubt. The hazards which give rise to these functions of government increase as the size of a city increases. Crime, fire, and disease are much greater risks in the crowded city than in the small town. Increase of population increases risk.

The above group of governmental activities, comprising in general the internal protection of life, health, and property, is still largely maintained by the local governments, which spent in 1929 an average of $16.23 per capita for that purpose. The State governments, however, take a very important hand in these activities, policing the highways, regulating and inspecting food, compiling vital statistics, aiding in the prevention and treatment of communicable diseases, and maintaining State prisons and reformatories and hospitals for the insane and feeble-minded. The total annual expenditure of the State governments for these purposes in 1929 was approximately $2.69 per capita, and is increasing at very closely the same rate as the corresponding group of expenditures of the local governments.

Both the State and local governments have had a long history in this group of governmental functions. To the federal government these functions are largely new developments. Yet they have already become an important element of federal expenditure. Compared with the service of the federal government in these respects before the war, its service today is on an entirely different basis. Operation of mine rescue cars and stations, promotion of the hygiene of maternity and infancy, studies of rural sanitation, maintenance of hospitals on a large scale, meat inspection, food and drug control—these and related activities of the federal government are entirely products of the twentieth century, and are still growing apace. The total spent by the federal government in this department is still small, less than 20 per cent of the expenditures of the State governments for the same group of purposes. But the federal government is gaining on the States.

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This tendency toward centralization of governmental expenditure is even more pronounced in a related group of activities—the internal regulation, promotion, and protection of trade and industry. This latter group is really only an extension of the internal protection of life, health, and property against the more indirect forces which play upon them. In this extension particularly, governmental expenditure is becoming more and more centralized. In the local governments it is hardly in evidence at all. In the State governments there is considerable expenditure in the regulation of banks, utilities, insurance companies, and other corporations; in the regulation of sales of feed, seed, fertilizer, oil, and gas; in the regulation of weights and measures; and in the regulation of labor. There is also a large amount expended by the States on agricultural extension service and experiment stations, forestry service, and fish and game protection. But even the total amount spent by the State governments on these services, $0.87 per capita in 1929, is small now compared with the similar expenditures of the federal government.

The expenditures of the federal government on the internal regulation, promotion, and protection of trade and industry have, indeed, seen a phenomenal rise since the beginning of the twentieth century. As a matter of fact, these activities, as functions of the federal government, are essentially products of the twentieth century. The Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Radio Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission are independent offices of the federal government for the regulation and control, respectively, of the railways, the banks, the radio stations, and general trade and industry.

In the field of promotion and protection of trade and industry there are a large number of federal bureaus, particularly in the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce. Agricultural experiment stations and extension service; research in the livestock, dairy, and plant industries; forest service; research in soils and plant diseases; study and aid in agricultural marketing—these and numerous other promotional and protective services are rendered by the Department of Agriculture. Distinct from the Department of Agriculture, though properly a part of its organization, is the Federal Farm Board, which has been financing cooperative marketing and taking the psychological edge off price fluctuations at a probable cost of at least $200,000,000.

In the Department of Commerce, also, numerous promotional activities are carried on. Its Bureau of Standards, for example, performs a great variety of scientific investigations, such as those in radioactive substances, X-rays, textiles, sound, and so forth. Then there is its Bureau of Mines, studying the economics of the mineral industries, maintaining mining experiment stations, and investigating and producing helium. There is also its Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, promoting commerce here and abroad, at a cost in 1930 of $4,751,000 as against only $172,000 in 1913. Altogether new is its Bureau of Aircraft in Commerce, for the control and promotion of air navigation. The expenditures of that bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1930, included $5,545,000 for air-navigation facilities.

In the aggregate these federal bureaus for the regulation, promotion, and protection of internal trade and industry, grown up almost overnight, are already spending annually nearly $2 per capita. This group of activities, we have seen, is but an extension against indirect forces of the internal protection of life, health, and property. In the case of the State and local governments the development of this entire group of internal protective functions was laid to the concentration in cities. The corresponding development in the federal government, and to some extent in the State governments, is due to a cause which is very much akin to the concentration in cities. When people concentrate in cities, they are brought close together. When facilities for communication and transportation improve, there is much the same effect, although actual distances are not changed. Interrelations increase in every department of life—in industry, in trade, in recreation, in amusement. Commerce becomes less intrastate and more interstate, less domestic and more international.

The construction and maintenance of highways in the United States was originally to a large extent a federal job. The Cumberland Road was a center of attention in the early road-construction history of this country. But as the nation grew, the task of building and maintaining highways was turned over to the States; and the States in turn left the larger share of the work to the local governments. The federal government had turned its attention to the railways, promoting their development by liberal grants of land. The waterways also received a fair amount of attention; and until the end of the nineteenth century the waterways and railroads were the chief means of long-distance transportation.

But at the end of the nineteenth century the automobile appeared, and road construction took on a new aspect. The State governments were compelled to assume an ever-increasing share of the work. For a long time the federal government remained aloof, rendering aid only by way of advice and counsel. It was not until after the war that the federal government was compelled to take a hand. But that hand has already amounted to an annual expenditure of more than $100,000,000. The centralization of road expenditure is a natural result of the speed and consequent cruising radius of the automobile. There is no reason why the inhabitants of one community should build and maintain roads for the rest of the country to travel over. Nor are the inhabitants of sparsely settled communities able to do so.

Coincident with the return of centralization in road expenditure is the advance in the total expenditure for this purpose. Since the advent of the automobile, road construction has achieved a new importance in governmental activity, advancing several times as fast as the national income. The total annual expenditure for maintenance alone now approaches $5 per capita. Besides, there is a floating debt on account of road construction now totaling very close to $3,000,000,000, or $25 per capita, on which interest and retirement charges must be met. Combining all factors, the roadways now consume more than 10 per cent of all federal, State, and local taxation.

Heavy though the cost of highway development and maintenance has become, a still younger function of government, education, presents even more stupendous figures. Education now consumes 20 per cent of all local, State, and federal taxation. The local governments in the United States spend now very close to $2,000,000,000 annually for primary and secondary education, while the States spend

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more than $150,000,000 in addition for universities and special schools. Nor does this include the outlays for school structures, which have resulted in a floating debt today of over $2,000,000,000, nor the consequent charges for interest and retirement. Altogether the annual educational cost sustained by taxation in the United States today is very nearly $2,500,000,000, or $20 per capita.

Looking back over the last two decades we see a striking rise in educational cost. From 1910 to 1928 the cost of primary and secondary education per capita increased 237 per cent, while the income of the people per capita increased only 120 per cent—this taking the dollar as it is and was, without adjusting it for the changes in its purchasing power. Over the last two decades the cost of primary and secondary education has grown almost twice as fast as the income of the people.

Taking that fact by itself one might fear that the cost of education would eventually bankrupt the nation. But it must be remembered that education as a function of government is comparatively a modern development, and that the last two decades have seen the larger share of it. The early colonial history of this country shows education the task of church and charity, and its chief purpose and theme religion. It took two centuries of democratic philosophy to wean the primary schools away from the church, and as long a time before government was able to compete with charity in secondary and higher education. It was between 1825 and 1850 that the chief struggle took place for the support of schools by taxation, and not until 1875 was there a general acceptance of the principle of free, non-sectarian, tax-supported education.

After public education did take a foothold, its curriculum remained for a considerable time rudimentary. Even in Massachusetts, which was the first to adopt the principle of tax support for education, the curriculum contained nothing but reading and writing until the middle of the nineteenth century. It was then that the real development of public education began. With the expansion of the curriculum the cost grew rapidly. By 1870 the annual cost in the United States had reached the impressive total of $63,000,000, which was $1.64 per capita, or 0.94 per cent of the national income.

From 1870 on, extension and specialization of curricula spread rapidly. Prolongation of the school period was a necessary result. While the population of the country increased only 63 per cent from 1870 to 1890, the average daily school attendance increased 96 per cent. With an increase during that period of only 13 per cent in the cost per pupil in average attendance, the total cost of public education had more than doubled, rising to a total of $140,000,000 by 1890. This meant $2.22 instead of $1.64 per capita, and 1.16 per cent instead of 0.94 per cent of the national income.

Yet as we look back at it today, education in 1890 was hardly an attempt. The next twenty years, from 1890 to 1910, saw a further growth. While the country's population increased 46 per cent, the average school attendance increased 58 per cent. Moreover, while the cost of living rose very slightly, the cost per pupil in average attendance nearly doubled, indicating better teachers, improved school structures, and advanced equipment. Thus by 1910 a fairly respectable school system had developed. Although the national income had grown rapidly, the per capita purchasing power almost doubling every twenty years, the total cost of public education had grown still more rapidly. By 1910 it had risen to $4.62 per capita, consuming 1.40 per cent of the total national income.

Yet 1910 seemed only a beginning; for the eighteen years from 1910 to 1928 saw a larger growth than the entire history of public education up to that time. The State governments began to interest themselves in a very material way, furnishing not only their commands and their counsel, but also their money. In 1928 State aid to the local governments for educational purposes reached the annual total of $314,582,000. In this respect New York was far ahead of the other States. Consolidation of rural schools and transportation of pupils, development of the junior high school, specialization of vocational education, prolongation of the required school period—these factors and others resulted in a geometric rise in the cost of education far in excess of the growth in the national income. Between 1910 and 1928 the national income was trebled, but the aggregate cost of public education was multiplied five times. In per capita terms, it rose from $4.62 to $17.30—this without taking into consideration the money spent by the States directly on universities and special schools. During the same period the national income grew only from $332 to $749 per capita (without adjusting the figures for the changes in the cost of living), so that the cost of public education, primary and secondary alone, jumped from 1.40 per cent to 2.31 per cent of the national income.

Now the federal government has also begun to assume a material share of the work of education, particularly in the field of vocational education. The aid of the federal government has been directed particularly to the vocational rehabilitation of persons disabled in industry, and vocational education in home economics and agriculture. Although the annual amount expended for this purpose is still less than $10,000,000, it is rapidly increasing. The creation of a department of education of Cabinet rank is not far distant.

The new economic structure of our national life is one of extreme concentration of population, specialization of activities, and world-wide interchange of the activities specialized; and this concentration, specialization, and interchange have made the life of the individual precarious to a point his pioneer forbears never knew. There was a time when the individual was comparatively self-sufficient. One or two simple tools and a few acres of ground, and that was all he required. Today even the farmer might starve if he could not secure certain supplies involving the organized effort, not only of this country, but of the entire world. Every individual is dependent for his very life upon millions of other individuals distributed all over the globe. We speak of individualism, but it is only an idle boast. The individual has become a single screw in a world-wide machine. His life is entirely dependent upon the functioning of that machine. The individual himself is inarticulate, except through the voice of government. It is therefore a necessary conclusion that as the mechanization of life increases, the activities of government will increase. Government is no longer merely the common defense. It is rapidly assuming the other aspects of life. Soon it will become the medium through which all the activities of the people will have to function.

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Ten Years of Hitler; One Hundred of Goethe

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Berlin, February 15

NO one dares remotely prophesy what may happen in Germany in the next months—or even by the time this article comes off the press. Everything hovers in a state of suspension; one minute it looks as though a Nazi Government and an ensuing revolution were inevitable; in the next it looks as though the radicals were being discredited in the face of a soberer majority. Nobody can tell today how the political powers are matched. Everywhere is subterranean secrecy or unbelievable propaganda. And there is not one newspaper in the entire country that makes a sincere attempt to cover dispassionately the news or help reveal the truth.

A decade of Hitler's storm troops, street-fighting, and fanaticism concludes in this 1932. And the same year marks the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death—the conclusion of a century of his influence. Germany is celebrating both facts, both men. And that is, indeed, the central meaning of the Germany of 1932. After ten years of yearning for a Messiah, whole sections of the country are surging as never before to Hitler's banners.

And the hundredth anniversary of Goethe is no mere literary memorial; it is not just another case of publishers' boosting in order to clear out the stocks of Complete Works (in seventeen volumes). The year is a sort of milestone for the German thinking mind: it stops to make self-inquiry. First it asks: Is the meaning of Goethe dead for today? In other words, has that historic idealism, the studied spirituality and philosophic temperament, of the Germans now become obsolete? Has Goethe been displaced by modern artistic movements such as expressionism, and has the old type of intelligent German who lived so much in the realm of removed ideas, Schubert's songs, and long-stemmed pipes been entirely thrust aside by the new type of German who lives in the realm of nudist-athletic clubs, Kurfürstendamm jazz, and cigarettes?

This year Germany is taking stock of itself: What is the validity of the political radicalism which Hitler typifies; and what is the validity of the spiritual conservatism which Goethe has traditionally typified?

Both heroes have their cults, and it is difficult to say which goes to the more lamentable excesses. The process of making every German acutely Goethe-conscious has been carried on in a completely American manner. The poor old poet who could barely sell 500 copies of each new work he published is now being stuck on every placard wall, in proud portraiture, as an advertisement to lure you to Come to Germany, Come to Frankfort, Come to Weimar, and be sure and spend lots of money. Everywhere there are Goethe calendars and almanacs; there are memorial plaques, portraits, busts, silhouettes, reliefs, and other beautifully graven images to suit every pocket-book. There are collections of his sayings, in which some casual remark to Eckermann is multiplied into millions of pamphlets, brochures, souvenirs, and gift-books. There are luscious tales of Goethe the lover—of women, or of birds; there are whole books containing nothing but consecutive pictures of Goethe. The scholarly world has done its share in adding to the literature—here are some recent titles: "Goethe and His Relations with the Swiss Cotton Industry" (almost none); "Goethe's Visit to the Deaf-and-Dumb Institute in Leipzig" (only one); "Goethe's Toothache" (very bad).

He is being used in anthropology, to show the rise of man: at one end of a series of pictures is the ape, at the other end is—Goethe. He is being used in hygiene, to aid the sale of health pills: on one side is a photograph of a charming young girl, on the other side is—Goethe.

Austria is observing the anniversary moment of his death by a minute of silent reverence; performances of his early (and very inferior) plays, recitals of his less-known songs, and reprintings of his most-forgotten prose stuff up Central Europe. Suspender buttons and toothbrushes rest their appeal on some Goethean epigram; every scholar of any standing has discovered some new and very crucial fact about him, and is revealing it over the radio; and as for the Weimar festival—everyone will be there. It has been remarked that the only stocks worth buying in this depression year are those of the Weimar hotel industry.

One of the few happy moments in this vast humorless struggle toward Making Goethe Pay was a burlesque performance given by Munich students during the historic annual *Fasching* carnival. Its title was taken from the most famous footnote ever made by an editor to the poet's works—namely, Professor Düntzer's correction at the bottom of a page of Goethe's autobiography: "Hier irrt Goethe"—Here Goethe is mistaken.

The Hitler cult may be more serious; certainly it is more humorless. Hitler himself is the traditional type of fanatic—a speaker of unquestionable hypnotic power, a leader of undoubted force and ability, a man utterly lacking in any sort of intelligence. The persons he has around him are a strange collection of heavy doctrinaires and helpless neurotics; their newspapers rage, roar, and rant day after day until they become practically unreadable. The yelping anti-Semitism of the *Völkischer Beobachter* and the *Angriff* is only another confession of that lurking sense of inferiority to the Jews and that continuing obsession of being persecuted which animate the whole movement.

The world pretty well realizes by now that Hitlerism has become the haven of all the malcontents of Germany—all, that is, except the Communists. To say that the party is "radical" is of course a dubious assertion; actually it harbors thousands and tens of thousands of men whose ultimate aim is only to get their old officers' pensions back, or to see the monarchy restored. Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, and

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Hapsburg are more powerful Nazi slogans than is often believed. Then there are the university students, the majority of whom are "radical" only in their methods: untold numbers of them want nothing better than the old Prussian system, and armies, and a great clanking of steel. The truer radicals of the movement are the men with a definite economic program; but every minor leader seems to have worked out his own private system—each as complete as a Kantian cosmos—which he sees as the country's only salvation.

Hitlerism is the rush of exploding political emotions; it naturally appeals to the citizens of a country that is treading along the brink of collapse. Its strength lies in its hold on youth; and that same fact will be its weakness. The Hitler cult proper is centered in the howling agitations in the universities and the nocturnal exhibitions of the storm troops. It is a game of war; it is a trial at battle. Its adherents are a mass of high-strung, nervous, and tragic young men, whose very education condemns them to unemployment, who feel they will never gain anything from the present republicanism. They are in despair, they want to get out and march in the street, sing songs and shoot guns, and hail some new Messiah. Through some hundreds of years Germany was the land of the best troops and the most ever-present princes; suddenly the whole structure disappeared. It is not so easy to strip a country's youth of its central heritage.

So the nation may be said to live between two poles—the balanced, studious, and essentially conservative Goethean point of view, which tries to make the best out of present possibilities; and the reckless, fanatical, political points of view symbolized by Hitler but ranging through the entire catalogue of opposition from Prussian ex-cavalry colonels to Schwarzwald stable boys.

Certainly "balance" has been the essence of the policies carried on by Stresemann and Brüning: both men have seen the impossibility of isolating Germany from the rest of Europe, of turning it into a self-sufficient and unfriendly island. They worked always toward a rapprochement, toward some show of internationalism. With masterly leadership Stresemann struggled to appease the insatiable maw of France; Brüning struggled until at last the strain became too great. But still the state of mind which the present Chancellor represents is for cooperation, a belief in the communal settlement of disputes. In this hour, confronted by an implacable France, an uncertain England, a blind and witless Washington, by a growing disharmony between all nations, his difficulties seem almost insuperable. And besides these outer enemies he has the inner enemies to fight—all the natural German desires for revenge against oppressors, for freedom from restraints. To Tardieu's far-repeated cry for *sécurité d'abord,* the German nationalists answer with the trumpet-call of *Deutschland, Erwache!* And that is far more appealing music to the country than a new emergency decree from the pen of its monastic Chancellor.

It is difficult for anyone not directly in Germany to recognize how stern and profound this tension at the moment is. On the hundredth anniversary of its presiding genius's death, the nation is made to remember once more Goethe's antagonism toward the violent and revolutionary, his constructive fusion of imagination with reason, his great ideal of communal effort as it reveals itself in the last acts of "Faust, II." And these are not the isolated notions of a dead philosopher, they are life-blood in the German mind.

But at the same time all possible forces are conspiring to overthrow this clarity of view and sanity of judgment. The very same tendency to look back to the Germany of a century ago aids in this antagonism; thousands think today of the tragic ruined German lands in 1806-13, groveling at the feet of Napoleon. They think of the men who tried to conciliate the French—like the weak and vacillating Frederick William III—and of the men who rose up in mighty revolt—Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, Stein, Yorck, Blücher, the creators of a new army, an independence, a great people. Two splendid motion pictures dealing with the Prussia of those years that are so similar to these state the same case against the French oppressor; they revel in the call to arms; they burst out in Schiller's grand patriotic odes; and when in Henny Porten's "Queen Louise" the tattered battle flags of old Frederick's unbeaten regiments march by in parade, the whole audience begins to cheer—the foreigners, too.

This great confidence in their ability to do everything for themselves, which the Germans have had throughout a century, is the deepest foundation of their radical movements today. Now this traditional force among the Germans seems to have become separated from the government, where once it animated it; has sold out to the Hitlers and the Hugenbergs, and left the lawful leaders in a lonely and friendless position. What was formerly a positive life-giving essence has now become the essence of negation and revolt.

In the course of this crisis period which state of mind is going to win the upper hand—that making for conservative reconstruction and internationalism, or that making for reckless isolation and warring factions? To clinch the question, which—the strength of Goethe-Brüning, or the passion of Hitleritis? The immediate future of Europe seems to rest on this decision. And it is impossible to make any intelligent forecast. This only is certain: day by day there becomes more patent the inability of the Hitler men to form any intelligent constructive program, to see beyond mere party politics and destructive fanaticism. Every day the suffering of the German people becomes more intolerable; but there appears a growth of seriousness and responsibility, a new stress on that famous German industry and devotion which the latter years have tried so hard to extinguish.

Six million unemployed now walk the streets; dozens of large trades and industries are practically at a standstill; the basic Reichsbahn shows a staggering deficit; everywhere state theaters are closing, construction is being stopped, shops are giving up. But will the events of these fearful years alter or dissolve the stamina of the entire people? Somehow one is inclined to trust the intelligence and the courage of this race; one is willing to gamble that it may be able to resist the lure of shrieking soothsayers and clanking militarists. When one sees this precise and friendly nation going about its crippled businesses, one still has the hope that its vision may be clear. The nation that spoke through Goethe and the great thinkers of a century ago seems destined to survive beyond the nation that rose up in the agitators and revolutionaries of a decade ago. The country that is still the most orderly, the most efficient, the least touched by corruption in high place seems to be guided by too strong a conscience to let itself run into an overturn—an overturn that could mean little less than ruin.

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Presidential Possibilities

III. Does Coolidge Choose to Run?*

By FRANK R. KENT

FACTS, apparently, mean very little to the American people, and between politics and propaganda they become so obscured and distorted by the time they reach the people that it is not really surprising. Emotion and prejudice sway us, not facts. The facts rarely penetrate very far. Not many people care about them and for one reason or another many who know them are more interested in concealment than in clarification. Take the case of Calvin Coolidge. He was one of our most popular Presidents. He is today our most popular citizen. There is a vast number of persons who would be delighted to see him President again. There is a strong sentiment in his party for "drafting" him. It is easy to understand this from the politicians, who value him only as a vote-getter and consider him otherwise a "poor fish," but back of the political sentiment is a genuine popular sentiment that thinks of him in terms ridiculously foreign to the reality. If popularity is the test, then Coolidge should be President—because not only do the masses think well of him, but a considerable number of intelligent men really believe he made a great President and is a big man. They have not, of course, a concrete fact upon which to base this belief. They have no argument that will stand any test. They have a cloudy and confused view of the man and his record. Nevertheless, the favorable conviction is unshakable. It is curiously impervious to the facts.

There is here no purpose to review those six years, unprecedented in our history for Presidential inertia, or to dwell upon the extraordinary combination of little things and unusual conditions that contributed to paint a picture so absurdly far from the truth. It is a work of art and will remain forever one of the marvels of political luck and propaganda, the classic example of the limitless gullibility of the people. The elevation of this dull, drab, smug little man into a totem pole at which a nation worshiped is the most striking illustration we have of the power of a people to delude itself and the willingness of a partly deluded press to aid in the delusion. No more complete job was ever done. An impenetrable armor incased Coolidge; it still does. Failures and mistakes that would have wrecked a bigger man left him untouched. A public in love is far blinder than an individual in love; and that the public conceived an affection for this precinct politician who was pitchforked into the Presidency—as destitute of endearing qualities as an armadillo and with the same courageous character—is too plain to argue about. Disclose a discreditable fact about him and they laugh it off. Reveal his incapacity as an executive, the hollow pretense of his economy talk, or his inexcusable domination by the Wall Street banks, and they quote some feebly funny remark he was reported—and most of the time incorrectly reported—to have made to the adoring and obtuse Stearns.

And how they hung—and still hang—to that legend of his silence, of his economy in speech and his innate dislike to utter unnecessary words—this, the most garrulous of all our Presidents, whose public output of words exceeded all the rest and whose private capacity to dwell on details excelled that of any other public man—if only you could get the details small enough. His sour and crabbed little nature, shown in his dealings with Secret Service men, servants, and others much closer, never got real publicity, but if it had it would have made no difference. His worshipers would have laughed and told some fatuous story that had not happened, showing the "quaint New England humor" of the man. It is, when you look back on it, a most amazing and almost incredible performance—this building up of the nearest thing to nothing we ever had as President into a great, glamorous figure, whose syndicated platitudes after he leaves office are worth $2 a word, and have netted him a fortune. To me not the least interesting incident of that Coolidge White House period was the attitude of the newspaper correspondents who, after having been repeatedly left holding the bag by Mr. Coolidge, joined in a greasy eulogy when he left the White House and presented him with a "token of their esteem."

And now they talk about "drafting" him for 1932—"drafting" for President, during what promises to be as critical a period as we have ever had in this country, the man who for nearly six years kept us at a complete political standstill, stalled the national engine, pushed every problem we had aside, and not only let us rush recklessly on to the rocks ahead without ever reefing a sail, but actually—and this is the one concrete thing about the Coolidge Administration that should be remembered—used the White House megaphone to encourage the people in their wild orgy of speculation by proclaiming the soundness of "investments"! If any President ever did a greater disservice to the nation than that, it cannot now be recalled. To which indictment the answer of the typical Coolidge admirers undoubtedly would be: "But did you ever hear about the time he told Mrs. Coolidge that the preacher's sermon was on sin? 'And what did he say about it, Calvin?' asked Mrs. Coolidge. 'He was against it,' said Cal—haw, haw, haw, haw."

I trust that no reader of *The Nation* will think that I am in any way prejudiced against this great popular hero. On the contrary, I am trying to write of him in a restrained and detached way, anxious only to present the facts. In pursuance of that laudable purpose I should like now to present a few—and they are uncontrovertible, too—about the 1928 "drafting" movement and that cryptic "I do not choose to run" statement, which took the country by storm and is still tastily rolled upon the tongues of hordes of faithful Coolidgeans. It seems to me they have some bearing upon the present "Draft Coolidge" talk, which persists in Republican circles despite Mr. Coolidge's highly compensated *Saturday Evening Post* article in which he declared his belief in the wisdom of renominating Presidents, whoever they may be, and pushed from him the thought of a political

* The third of a series of seven articles.—Editor The Nation.

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future. Actually, though he used 4,000 not very well-selected words in that statement, he said no more than he did in the single Black Hills sentence. To shed light upon why and how he came to make that historic utterance, it is necessary to say a few words about Mr. Coolidge's political background. Though he ran for office in Massachusetts a great many times—and in the country as a whole twice—in all his life Mr. Coolidge never ran except when the odds were overwhelmingly in his favor. He belonged to the dominant party in a heavily Republican State. He always had united organization backing. He never had a real fight in his life. He was always better than an even bet when he got on the ticket. So were his Republican running mates. In the spring of 1927, before Mr. Coolidge left Washington for his summer vacation, there were few persons who did not believe he wanted to stay in the White House another four years. With his knowledge and approval the machinery to keep him there was already in motion. Between the time Congress adjourned and the time he made his statement three incidents occurred which changed the complexion of things for Mr. Coolidge and which, curiously enough, were not treated as connected by political writers and did not get general attention. One of these was the stand of the Springfield *Republican*. This is Mr. Coolidge's paper. He has read it all his life. He still does. It means a lot to him. It had been his staunch and steady supporter. The Springfield *Republican* came out with three smashing editorials on three successive days, strongly urging Mr. Coolidge not to permit himself to be renominated. Speaking as his friend this stalwart Republican paper pointed out to him that he could, of course, secure the nomination because he had control of the National Committee, the party organization, and the federal machinery. Nevertheless, the *Republican* said, to use these agencies to nominate himself would be bad for him, bad for the party, and bad for the country. It spoke bluntly and strongly. Coming from this source, the advice must have strongly impressed Mr. Coolidge.

That was one thing—the second was brought about by William Randolph Hearst. The whole chain of the Hearst newspapers and magazines had been consistently back of Mr. Coolidge almost from the start. The Hearst press was a large factor in his journalistic support, and it contributed vastly to implanting in the public mind the Coolidge picture. The brilliant Mr. Brisbane was his most enthusiastic individual journalistic booster for the 1928 nomination. He it was who coined the cunning phrase of "his second elective term" to spike the third-term issue and pave the way for four more years of Coolidge. There had been months of this. And then suddenly one day, out of a clear sky, Mr. Hearst, from New Orleans, wrote a signed editorial which appeared in every one of his sixteen newspapers and which was directly along the same lines as that which had appeared in the Springfield *Republican*. He took the view that for Mr. Coolidge again to accept the nomination would be contrary to a vital American political principle, and would establish a very dangerous precedent. Also speaking as his friend, Mr. Hearst counseled him to put aside the temptation, pointed out the path of wisdom, urged that he might be nominated but that the American people so strongly believed in the principle of the eight-year limit for Presidents that he could not be elected—and so on. It was a strong statement. Everything Mr. Hearst writes is strongly written. Also, it was politically important, and I never have understood why the Associated Press did not send it out. If they did I missed it and my belief is that its publication was confined to the Hearst papers. But no well-posted person will need argument as to the political effect of this upon a congenitally timid man like Mr. Coolidge, hovering upon the brink of a great decision. From that moment the words "second elective term" ceased to appear in the Brisbane column and the whole Hearst support of Coolidge's reelection vanished overnight.

There was another thing, a third discouraging development that helped Mr. Coolidge—pushed I think is the better word—toward his South Dakota "renunciation." No one in politics is more completely an organization man than Mr. Coolidge. He believes in the organization as firmly as does Jim Watson. An early follower of the late Murray Crane, he never knew anything but organization politics. Bucking the organization, running for office without the support of the machine are thoughts that have never occurred to him. The public statement issued late in the spring and after Congress had adjourned by Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire could not fail to disturb such a man. In the same circumstances it would have made a far more robust President stop and think before going forward in the direction Mr. Coolidge was then traveling—to wit, straight toward a renomination. Mr. Moses was no insurgent or Progressive Republican. Mr. Moses did not speak as an independent. Mr. Moses was an organization party wheel horse, an important cog in Mr. Coolidge's own wing of his own party, a member of the Old Guard, a high party official, a regular of regulars. What Mr. Moses, in effect, said, with the customary Mosaic forcefulness, was that Mr. Coolidge could of course be renominated if he chose to exercise the power in his hands, but that his party would "sullenly acquiesce" in his renomination, which, in the Senator's judgment, would be a serious mistake.

Add the total of these three pre-Black Hills developments—Springfield *Republican,* representing party sentiment in his own State; Hearst press, representing sixteen newspapers scattered from coast to coast; George Moses, representing feeling within the organization, which means more to Cal than can be told—add those all up if you want the reason why Mr. Coolidge did not "choose to run." Add them all up and they spell exactly one thing—he was scared off. It may be possible for the uninformed worshiper not to believe that, but how anyone with a knowledge of the Coolidge political history and the Coolidge personality can doubt it beats me.

What followed? As soon as this silly statement was made, which, had it come from any other President in his position, would have been generally denounced as silly, there was country-wide confusion about what he meant, a confusion which exists to this day. No one ever has discovered. The eager and anxious Hoover, bursting with White House hopes and pretending to play in the Bohemian Grove out in California, rushed East and started to work. Though he repeatedly saw Coolidge he was unable to get a word from him—and was in no pleasant frame of mind about it either. He went ahead anyhow and, long before the convention, had built up a formidable organization. Also, a formidable opposition had sprung up. The New York bankers did not want Hoover. The then august and glamorous Mellon did

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not want him. A thundering lot of Old Guard politicians did not want him. A lot of business men did not want him, and the "Draft Coolidge" talk started. That Mr. Coolidge was not only willing but expected to be drafted was known by those whose business it was to know the facts, when the Kansas City convention met. Curiously enough, he made this plain in the first piece he wrote for Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan Magazine,* which was printed after he left the White House but which he wrote while he was still in office.

What happened was that he got over his fright. From the first of the year until June a succession of politicians, business men, and bankers trooped to the White House to insist upon his running. It became perfectly clear that such was his place in the so-called popular mind that he could easily be elected—third term or no third term. If, after having "renounced" the desire to succeed himself, the Republican convention, deadlocked between Hoover and the anti-Hoover allies, should "draft" him, it would be all over but the shouting. He had got himself in perfect position for exactly that. And that he was willing, ready, anxious for the "drafting," disappointed that it failed to materialize, was the belief at the time of most persons in a position to have a real judgment on the matter. Certainly it was the conviction of the men in personal touch with him, who saw most of him. His bosom friend, William M. Butler, chairman of the National Committee, and closer to him than anyone else, went to Kansas City hoping to nominate Coolidge, and convinced members of the committee that Coolidge was holding himself in readiness. There was no secret about the Butler desire. He made none. A partner of the Morgan firm, fresh from a White House talk with the President, arrived in his private car and with all the emphasis he could command declared, "I know he'll take it. I've just left him." He worked and Butler worked and various others close to Coolidge worked there to promote the Coolidge nomination. And they ceased to work only when it became clear that Hoover had the thing "in the bag." And when that happened they were the most disappointed and depressed set of men ever seen at a national convention. Gloom enveloped them. They had failed.

Those are the facts, and I cite them now because they make it easy to understand the real feeling of Mr. Coolidge about returning to the White House, and the reason, despite his richly remunerated *Saturday Evening Post* article, that the talk of "drafting" him still persists—and will continue until the convention. Those who know he would have eagerly responded to a "call" in 1928 are naturally convinced he would do so in 1932; and there are a good many who did know it then. But this time it is different and the more clear-headed fellows among them do not delude themselves with such nonsense. They concede that the Hoover renomination is inevitable. Already the Administration, working through the astute Walter Brown, has bagged the Southern delegations, strung them together on the old patronage string. No one knows what this means better than Mr. Coolidge. Bascom Slemp did it for him in 1924 and he was all prepared to do it again in 1927, when the Springfield *Republican* and Messrs. Hearst and Moses warned him off. This time Mr. Coolidge knows perfectly well, regardless of the "sullen acquiescence"—and it is sullen—with which party people are accepting Hoover, that there is nothing to do but accept him and that drafting is out of the question. Mr. Coolidge knows he can't get it this time, but he likes to hear it talked about, nevertheless. To be fair to him, this is natural and human and any other man in his position probably would feel the same way. It is, however, the reason that in no matter what statement he makes he never quite shuts the door, as would a more robust man with the same natural feelings but a franker nature. Coolidge always leaves a crack open. Despite knowledge of its obvious impossibility, there still is a faint hope in that cold little heart that the impossible may come to pass and, the recognized political obstacles vanishing, a smooth way be found for him back to the White House—just in time for the return of prosperity. No such political miracle ever has occurred, but it is always conceivable that one may.

In the Driftway

WHAT is best and what is worst in the human race comes out at a kidnapping. The worst qualities of unimaginative brutality—when it is not simple insanity—are displayed by the men or women who can abstract a child from the security of his home and subject him to the terrors of existence among total strangers and his parents to terrors of apprehension worse than anything that could actually befall their stolen baby. But once the kidnappers have done their work, the generous industry that instantly springs into being warms the heart. That the latest unfortunate kidnapped child was already world famous makes only a little difference. The police, the press, the telegraph, the wireless—every possible agency of detection—at once are pressed into action; every man in the street could fancy himself an amateur detective and would experience a consuming satisfaction in being the one to discover the lost child and restore him safely to his parents' protection. The newspapers are yielding to sound journalistic instinct when they print pages of matter and of pictures telling the Lindbergh story. The Lindberghs, reportedly to their own chagrin, are always good copy. Yet not their own established fame but the quick human sympathies of millions of newspaper readers make the story worth the spread heads that are being devoted to it.

* * * * *

A FEW weeks ago a mother and father, leaving a friend's house with their baby ill of bronchitis, picked up a bottle of poison instead of the cough medicine they meant to take. They were obscure people. Yet when, an hour or so after they had left in their small sedan, the loss was discovered, just as many agencies of communication were put to work to find them and tell them of the mistake before it was too late as are in operation now for the Lindberghs. Every sedan of that particular make on every possible road they might have taken was stopped by a police officer and examined for mother, father, and baby. Ten or fifteen minutes before it was time for the next dose of cough medicine the trio was found—and possible disaster averted. Moreover, the story was front-page news and there is no doubt that many a reader's heart was warmed by its fortunate ending.

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WHEN the Drifter rails over the alarming increase of communication in the world, when he suspects that we are betrayed rather than helped by the mechanical wonders of radio, gasoline engine, and the swiftly spread printed word, he cheerfully makes exceptions of events like these. There are times when we need to save time and space; and in those times it is fairly often in order to help persons in distress. The rising flood, the burning house, desperate disease, abduction, murder, fatal accident—all are matters that must be known about quickly so that the deep instinct for generous assistance to the unfortunate which is so powerful in the human race can have an opportunity of expressing itself. We are a world of hundreds of millions, many thousands of miles apart, separated by languages as well as oceans, yet at certain times we seem very close together.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Four-Year Plan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the first article, on Unemployment, of the interesting and challenging Four-Year Presidential Plan which you publish (issue of February 17) with a somewhat qualified blessing, occurs the statement: "State, county, and city appropriations for providing work and relieving distress have proved inadequate since *the federal government alone has the power to levy adequate income and inheritance taxes* which are not passed on to the consumer" (italics mine). May a citizen of Massachusetts remark that far from this being true, Massachusetts at any rate not only has the power to levy, but actually does levy an income tax which, at least for the moderately well-to-do, is vastly heavier than the federal? A single man or woman without dependents, enjoying an income of $5,000 a year, pays from *ten to twenty times* as much to his State as he does to the United States Treasury.

It is true that, as Senator David Walsh has recently pointed out, "only fifteen States have a personal income tax that corresponds to the federal income tax," and that many of the strongest and richest, such as Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, have no such law. But the moral of that is, as the Duchess would say, that such States ought to be spurred and shamed into taxing themselves rather than supported in their ineptitude by citizens who are already doing their full duty.

Whether or not you agree with this conclusion, you must admit that in view of the facts, our friends of the League for Independent Political Action need a well-informed proofreader.

LESLIE W. HOPKINSON

Cambridge, Mass., February 22

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Four-Year Presidential Plan and the numerous other contributions in the liberal magazines toward a reform of our present system are concerned with what the several writers think it would be desirable to have done. None offers a realistic or convincing plan of *how* such reforms could be initiated or what specific assistance the plain citizen might give. They are aids to talk rather than to action.

The League for Independent Political Action seems committed to the principle of a national third party, although no recent third-party attempt in the United States has succeeded. Too many people believe that they would be throwing their votes away if they supported an independent movement. Despite assertions to the contrary, where liberalism has progressed it has been within the dominant parties, as is attested by the Senate insurgents. The methods by which these men gained control of their local organizations and were elected did work, and might be copied to give a controlling social-minded bloc in the next Congress.

Concerning the league's plan, the one idea which recurs throughout centers about constitutional reform. Much of the remaining program is embodied satisfactorily in specific bills which have been submitted to Congress in recent years, such as the Wagner bill on employment exchanges, the Norris bill on Muscle Shoals. The advocacy of these and similar measures at the time they are most prominently before the public would identify the league with concrete legislation and enable it to secure greater publicity in the daily papers. This should be more effective than the full broadside of the complete plan, while the league's backing would encourage the continued revision and resubmission of important legislation until it could be passed.

Two mistakes weaken the program measurably. The first is its complete straddle on prohibition, which includes as one approved possibility the continuance of present Volsteadism. The other is its insistence on complete military disarmament instead of the more persuasive reduction to the minimum required to prevent the landing of armed forces on our shores, as proposed by Chase, Beard, and others.

Los Angeles County, Cal., February 19 BIOLOGIST

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest and appreciation the excellent compilation of a possible program for reorientation of American political ideas in the League for Independent Political Action's Four-Year Presidential Plan. In this plan I find one serious, and in my view fairly obvious, omission. There is no reference in the section VI-A, People's Rights, to the right of consumers to information which the government has in its archives, based upon tests and expert examinations, all done at taxpayers' expense, of tens of thousands of kinds and brands of consumers' goods. I should not like to say that the following is a correct and complete statement of the clause which should be introduced to cover this item under the head People's Rights, but it will at least put it in form for discussion, particularly among those who may wish to bring the matter as forcefully as possible to the attention of members of Congress from their district.

> *Release of Information Useful to Consumers.* Immediate and continuous publication and distribution through the Government Printing Office, at its nominal charges, of all technical findings of fact and expert opinion on goods and commodities which are studied and tested by technicians and scientists in the government employ, and complete cessation of the present policy of suppression and filing of such information in a form accessible and available only to "official," industrial, and commercial interests. Immediate cessation of the present practice of government departments' and bureaus' accepting grants and subsidies, and assignments of "research associates," to work on industries' problems in taxpayer-owned laboratories with the technical and administrative support and collaboration of taxpayer-supported personnel. In addition, a definite shift in the policy of federal and scientific technical bureaus away from subjects predominantly directed to the needs of commercial enterprises, toward research, testing, and open publication of findings in fields directly of interest and financially and economically useful to ultimate consumers.

New York, February 20 F. J. SCHLINK

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The Missing Plank

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with keen interest the 104 planks of the platform of your new Soviet-Socialist Party, prepared by one hundred experts(?). I have only one criticism. You have omitted one plank of vital importance. The plank might be expressed thus:

Plank 105. We stand for a law compelling every householder who sets out his garbage upon the sidewalk to be gathered up by the Street-Cleaning Department to inclose the same in a covered metal container painted a robin's-egg blue with bright pink ribbons attached to the handles.

The enormous importance of this idea, and its general resemblance to the other 104 planks, will be at once apparent. It would render the garbage ensemble sweet and pretty, and so bring a touch of pleasure into the dreary lives of the proletariat. It would also greatly stimulate the pink-ribbon industry, which is now much depressed. This would result in the employment of additional men to produce the pink ribbon, who in turn would have money to spend for necessities and luxuries, which in turn would result in the employment of additional men to meet this increased demand, who in turn, and so forth and so forth and so on *ad infinitum*, until the millennium is here.

Jersey City, February 15 George L. Record

Not Really Pacifistic

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Our local newspapers report the fact that the students of the University of Southern California held a mass-meeting and adopted a resolution calling upon the students of all other universities to unite with them in a movement to bring about universal peace and good-will. The news report states: "At the meeting President Rufus von Kleinsmid told the students that their resolution should not be considered a pacifistic measure but an attempt to ease the present warlike condition of the world."

This seems to me a truly statesman-like saying. For thirty years I have been urging the American people to adopt socialism, and have met with no great success. From now on I shall explain that my measures are not to be considered socialistic but an attempt to ease the present capitalistic condition of the world.

Pasadena, Cal., February 14 Upton Sinclair

Hooked Rugs for Sale

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some of the unemployed in Marion, North Carolina —unemployed since the 1929 strike—are making old-time hooked rugs to sell. This is the only means we have now to support our families. Many hungry school children and families are being fed from the sale of these rugs. We should be glad to send them to any group or person who might want one.

Any shape, size, or color will be made on order: 18 by 30 inches, $3; 22 by 36 inches, $5; 26 by 40 inches, $7; 26 inches by 4 feet, $10; 3 by 5 feet, $15. We shall be glad to send further particulars to any who inquire.

Box 634, Marion, N. C., February 11 Grace Elliot

Finance

"Reconstruction" to Date

NOW that the major items in the national reconstruction and revival program have been placed on the statute books or otherwise made operative, it seems appropriate to take stock of the business situation in a general way and inquire what effects have been produced. Such an inquiry, if it appraises the facts accurately, ought to provide some enlightenment as to the nature of our past troubles and the probable method of our recovery from them.

Those who have supported the remedial measures, in Congress, in the Administration, and throughout the country, have actually been divided into two camps. Carefully considered, these two camps have been opposed to each other at every point. One group could see nothing but "inflation" as a result of the Glass-Steagall law, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the other agencies and devices for loosening the bands of credit. More money, soft money, almost any kind of money, was what they looked forward to and professed to want. This money was to express itself in practical form through a rise in commodity prices. If the gold standard blocked the way toward this end, it might as well go overboard; which was merely another way of advocating that the government pay its bills, plus a large amount of bonuses, with irredeemable paper money.

Though the adherents of this program may not fully realize it, they have been completely routed—as the battle stands to date—and the country has thus far escaped one of the gravest financial dangers which have confronted it since the nineties. For while nobody proposed printing-press money, it seems highly probable that a deliberate inflationary program, once inaugurated, would not have produced the desired results short of a grave compromising of our currency standards.

The other group expected these measures to aid in the restoration of "confidence." Money was to be enticed out of hoarding, banks were to be encouraged to lend more liberally, business men and consumers were to be shown that it would be safe to buy, corporations were to be saved from receivership. It is true that we find the same individuals in some cases talking about both inflation and confidence, apparently not conscious of the deep contradiction in the terms. Nevertheless, the two things could not exist side by side, and as far as the signs can be read today, "confidence" appears to have won the ascendancy.

Indications of this result, it must be admitted, are faint and tentative; but as far as they go they are unmistakable. Without benefit of Reserve Bank purchasing, government bonds have risen four to more than seven points since the beginning of the year. The average income yield of a large group of stocks has fallen from more than 9 per cent in December to 7½ per cent—not as a result of rising prices, but because prices have remained steady in the face of drastic cuts in dividends. While specific commodities, including copper, rubber, sugar, and coffee, have gone to new low levels, the commodity indexes on the whole have shown a tendency to stabilize. The New York Federal Reserve Bank, confident of its power in the world gold market—and probably confident for better reasons than a change in the technicalities of the note-issue law—has reduced its rate from 3½ to 3 per cent, without untoward results. Of tangible business revival, the statistical record offers hardly a trace. He is a hardy prophet who will say when it will come or how far it will proceed. But as the matter stands, the country has vetoed the idea of a quick and spurious revival through inflation.

S. Palmer Harman

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Books, Music, Drama, Films

Unnatural Love

By ALLEN TATE

Landor, not that I doubt your word
  That you had strove with none
At seventy-five but had deferred
  To Nature and Art alone,
But rather that at thirty-two
  From us I see them part,
After they sweetly serviced you—
  Yet Nature has no heart:
Brother and sister are estranged
  By his ambitious lies,
For he his sister Helen much deranged—
Outraged her, and put coppers on her eyes.

History and Revolution

The History of the Russian Revolution. Volume I: *The Overthrow of Tzarism.* By Leon Trotzky. Translated by Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. $4.

TO write history is always to some extent a political act. We cannot chronicle the decline and fall of a state without selecting and arranging events into a pattern based on preconceptions, interests, and purposes. If this is true of events in which time enables us to achieve some detachment, it is all the more true of events which occurred but yesterday, whose impact continues today, and particularly true if we have ourselves actively participated in them.

This commonplace is repeated here not for the purpose of implying that historical objectivity is impossible, but to indicate the prerequisites of this objectivity and its limitations. Even the most exact sciences make allowances for a coefficient of error inherent in the observer, his instruments, and the nature of the phenomena under observation. An approach to objective truth is possible only if due regard is given to such error-coefficients. In reading history prime consideration must be given to the fact that society, as it has hitherto existed, has been a class society, and therefore all history is written from a class viewpoint. As the economics and social bases of society change, one class replaces another in the dominant position of power. In this process it is to the interests of the defenders of the status quo to conceal from the subject classes the origins and development of the state which oppresses them. On the other hand, it is to the interests of a rising revolutionary class to ascertain and reveal the historic truth. For this reason the scientists and philosophers of the revolutionary middle class in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in their struggle against the existing feudal order discovered many objective truths about the world which have been incorporated in the general body of knowledge. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, however, when the middle class was defending itself against the rising proletariat, its historians and social scientists became apologists unwilling to state the facts, and the function of discovering and revealing historic truth passed to the ultimate revolutionary class—the proletariat.

In part it is this class bias which Trotzky has in mind when he says of his history of the February Revolution that "the serious and critical reader will not want a treacherous impartiality, which offers him a cup of conciliation with a well-settled poison of reactionary hate at the bottom." The history of a revolution, he points out, is above all "a history of the forcible entrance of the masses into the realm of rulership over their own destiny," and its political mechanism "consists in the transfer of power from one class to another." The chronicling of that history and the analysis of the political mechanism involved are not easy, particularly when the historian sets himself the task not only of telling what happened and how, but "why it happened thus and not otherwise"—to discover the laws of history. In this case the author often mistakes a brilliant aphorism for a historic law, literary satire for scientific explanation, and ironic caricature for psychologic analysis; but he often illuminates with dramatic force the confused march of events.

The February Revolution was the first to arise out of the World War and was due to a complicated combination of circumstances. Behind it were the "rehearsals" of the revolution of 1905-7 and the counter-revolution of 1907-14. During these periods the participants of the revolutions of 1917 learned to know each other and their roles in the drama. The monarchy was already tottering in 1914; only a catalyst was needed to precipitate a revolution. That catalyst was the World War. The monarchy fell almost without a struggle. The final blow against czarism was delivered by two forces: the entire bourgeois and landowning class of Russia in alliance with the Anglo-French capitalists, and the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies. But in the first week of the first revolution a second one was already on the horizon. The fall of czarism left three political camps contending for power. The dispossessed landowning class, the old bureaucracy, and the higher military commanders formed the first. The second included the big bourgeoisie and landowners, with the petit-bourgeoisie in their wake; and the third the Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies.

The first phase of the struggle for power from February to July, 1917, is described by Trotzky in a colorful style. But in a history such as this, style is of minor importance, and must not obscure fundamental issues. It is necessary to distinguish between the brilliant rhetoric of the book and its ideas, and the ideas themselves must be divided into two groups—those which express class presuppositions and those which reflect the author's political bias. Only if proper weight is given to the last factor is it possible to understand how one can write a "Marxian" history in which personal satire takes precedence over economic factors, and in which all leading revolutionary figures appear as short-sighted, stupid, and timid with the exception of Trotzky, the nameless heroes of the revolution, and—of necessity—Lenin. In so far as Trotzky seeks to treasure the historic role of the proletariat in the February Revolution his history throws light on the mechanism of transferring power from one class to another; but in so far as he treasures his own historic role, his political bias betrays him into savage caricatures of the Bolshevik leaders who have led the Russian masses through a victorious revolution and the achievements of the Five-Year Plan.

Like every caricaturist, Trotzky selects a few features out of their context for the purpose of belittling his subject. In this way—assuming the best interpretation—history may be falsified even if the historian tells nothing but the truth, if he fails to tell the whole truth. Hence some of the unresolved contradictions of Trotzky's history, which states, for instance, that the Bolsheviks led the February Revolution, but that Bolshevik leadership was "amazing in its helplessness and lack of initiative." Trotzky explains this paradox by attributing the leadership of the insurrection to the "nameless, austere statesmen of the factory and street"—the worker-Bolsheviks, but he admits that they were "educated for the most part by the party of Lenin," all of whose leaders, with the exception of Lenin himself, he ridicules.

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Here the essential problem is: How did Bolshevik leadership educate the rank and file of the party and how did the party educate the mass of workers? Trotzky indicates that it was by theoretical and political struggles against menshevism, economism, and other tendencies which sought to mislead the workers; and in the case of Lenin by a struggle against specific errors on the part of individual Bolsheviks. But he fails to mention that for twelve years Lenin and the Bolshevik Party educated the workers by an unrelenting struggle against Trotzky's political views. A history which lays so much stress on alleged errors made by individual revolutionary leaders in the past must be suspected when it ignores the errors of the author. In describing the evolution of political tendencies between 1905 and 1917, Trotzky ignores the fact that bolshevism, which led the February insurrection, developed its program and tactics in political and ideological combat with Trotzkyism and other anti-Bolshevik tendencies. This omission constitutes a serious distortion of past and present history, since Trotzky's political differences with the Communists date back to the inception of the Bolshevik Party in 1903. After fourteen years of opposition to Bolshevik policies Trotzky joined the party of Lenin in July, 1917. "I came to Lenin fighting," he said. The history of this political struggle is more important to the understanding of the history of the Russian Revolution up to date than Trotzky's caricatures of individual figures.

JOSEPH FREEMAN

Puritanism in Ireland

The Puritan. By Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE middle-class citizens of the Irish Free State having won the revolution, and the peasants for and by whom it was fought having lost it, the former set about to turn the attention of the latter away from their own misery by waging a new war against bawdy plays, pornographic literature, and prostitution. This is something of the background of Liam O'Flaherty's "The Puritan." The situation is not alien to American methods. However, the recrudescence of ferreting puritanism and nosey evangelism in Ireland today beggars the picturesque history of Mr. Sumner. Compared with the Dubliners' zeal for whitewashing the printed matter for home consumption, Mr. Sumner's efforts to void our literature of prurience appear Continental and belletristic.

The story itself, a kind of thriller on a higher level, is not so absorbing as the politically putrid milieu from which it springs. Francis Ferriter, a member of the vigilance society in Dublin, is a journalist of sorts, an unhappily inspired writer for Catholic periodicals and chauvinistic magazines. As his name suggests, he is the typical Puritan. Living in diggings, his consuming urge to edify others turns to a comely prostitute who occupies the room below him. Unable to salvage or to disinfect her religiously, he murders her for what he believes at the time are disinterested reasons. Then, bruised with misgivings and fearful of detection by the police, he seeks ecclesiastical as well as human reassurance from the officers of the uplift organizations in which he has held membership. Now seeing them as opportunistic and flaccid editors, he leaves them with a curse. The need for confession becomes increasingly imperative. Poignantly aware that he has killed the prostitute because he loved her (stale repercussions of Somerset Maugham and Thais), he enters a booth and expounds his emotional thesis to the father, who only becomes attentive when it looks as if the confession has strong possibilities of turning into a racy sex story. Ferriter, perceiving that his exposition is beyond the depth of the old man, who is a shopkeeper in a clerical stole, spits through the grille into his face and goes off. As an expiatory gesture, Ferriter decides to give up his "innocence," his pudicity, to another streetwalker.

"The Puritan" would have been more adequate as a forthright thesis. As it is, it is simply another post-Huxley novel, competent, intelligent, but without the undeniable talent or vitality that has given Liam O'Flaherty a definite place in Irish and British letters. However, as a social symptom it is significant. The book is drenched with bitterness and the failure of the revolution in Ireland, the failure that has marked everything that Sean O'Casey or Liam O'Flaherty has ever written.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

Ways to End War

War. By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press. $3.
They That Take the Sword. By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow and Company. $4.

THE agitation for the suppression of war becomes more urgent every day. Pacifism always thrives in the piping times of peace, and while the times just now are not exactly piping, the pacifists are making hay while the world groans under the heaviest burden of war debts and charges ever piled on the backs of the people. There is still a good deal of unreality about most of the pacifist propaganda, but with the incursion of more and better brains into the field, this glaring defect will, we hope, be speedily remedied. If any mere arguments could sway society, there is no doubt that the pacifist case would triumph immediately, hands down. Unfortunately arguments are as nothing in the face of implacable world social forces, traditions, and the fact that cultural lag is characteristic of the mentalities of those who assume to rule us.

The old argument that war is a survival from the days of savagery and, as such, not a necessary part of civilization seems to be thoroughly discredited. Primitive man has, in certain highly specialized situations, shown himself capable of getting along without bilking his neighbors periodically. But more often he has taken huge delight in such sanguinary exercises, frequently with much the same spirit that animates a football game. His wars were, in a sense, governed by rigid and respected rules. Even when the victims got little consideration the raider was acting in response to some communal practice of his group. He was, for example, seeking to prove his manhood. But the bickerings of primitive peoples now strike us as essentially unimportant as wars, for they did not result in anything more terrible than the plundering of a small group of people by another group equally small, with a few incidental and inevitable deaths. Nothing happened that could be properly described as a social disaster, and certainly the culture of the period was as much assisted by diffusion through contact and conquest as damaged by destruction. It was only when civilization got on its feet that war became describable in Mr. Nearing's terms—"organized destruction and mass murder." The distinguishing feature of war among civilized peoples is that it is organized. And as a necessary result of this, it has become more destructive in proportion as science has progressed and society has become more intricately organized. Mr. Nearing advances the thesis that war is a constituent part of civilization (which he identifies with capitalism) and that to eliminate it we shall have to transform society. We shall have to adopt communism.

He argues that, under capitalism, once the home market reaches the point of saturation, the only thing to do is to expand outside the national boundaries. Such a movement inevitably brings about collisions with other expanding Powers. The collisions of the past took the form of colonial wars, directed against the people it was proposed to subject for purposes of

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trade on the one hand, and against any rival for the potential market on the other. We certainly know that this was true in the past. And we also know that Mr. Nearing's next generalization is also true: that as the world became more or less divided up among the great Powers and competition became excessively keen, the result was a series of attempts by the stronger Powers to put down the weaker and take away their markets. These facts being admitted, it seems to Mr. Nearing that war is an inescapable corollary of capitalism. He fails to see how we can hope to eliminate it from the repertory of social necessities under such a system. By way of illustrating his position he is at pains to define the place of military men in civilization, showing how closely they are bound up with the governmental structure and how they have reduced war to a science. Now what he chiefly overlooks, it seems to me, is that until the world becomes entirely communistic, the Communist states will believe themselves forced to maintain war organizations comparable in complexity and potential utility with those of their capitalistic neighbors. That is exactly what has happened in Soviet Russia. It is highly unlikely that the world will be communistic in its entirety inside of a hundred years, which, while a short period according to a cosmic time scheme, is a sufficiently long time for the military spirit to establish itself among the Communists. By social contagion, then, if in no other way, Communist society will probably become tainted with the war disease.

This brings us around to Mr. Stratford's hefty volume. Mr. Nearing is bald and direct in his writing and falls easily into one-two-three summaries. But Mr. Stratford is rhetorical and even poetic, diffuse and occasionally aimless. It is possible to examine but a few of the vast accumulation of notions he dumps down for our inspection. He, with Mr. Nearing, agrees that war is a part of civilization. But whereas Mr. Nearing leaves the impression that he thinks the military men pretty clever in their own way, Mr. Stratford lets us know that he thinks them stupid asses. He holds them up to extended ridicule and scores many amusing points off their prostrate bodies. In essence his indictment is that they are Bourbonistic: they forget nothing and learn nothing. Even the great commanders like Napoleon are exhibited as genial half-wits who won victories more because Lady Luck smiled on them than from skill. He is also very eloquent in his invocation of love as the saving principle in society and the true enemy of war. His book, indeed, is replete with moving appeals for the triumph of love, with rhetorical descriptions of the horrors of war, past, present, and future, and with every other variety of argument and emotional appeal from the pacifist arsenal (*sic!*). I cannot recall a single song and dance he does not execute, sometimes with exceeding skill. His treatise seems to me to be in the weak and irritating traditional pacifist manner. It has only its comprehensiveness to recommend it.

Mr. Nearing is a radical economist. Mr. Stratford is a learned emotional religionist. Both identify civilization with capitalism, but Mr. Nearing does it knowingly while Mr. Stratford seems half-unconscious of what he has done. Consequently, while the former looks to communism as the road to peace, the latter is constantly harping on communism as the enemy of civilization. Yet in spite of the fact that Mr. Nearing's book is, in its upshot, a piece of propaganda for communism, it seems to me to be a sounder analysis of the causes of war and the possibilities of its elimination than Mr. Stratford's. For Mr. Nearing makes it painfully plain that all emotional appeals, whether to an abstract ideal like saving "civilization," love, or something similar, are beside the point. The problem of eliminating war is an economic problem. Any attempt to deflect attention from this point is pernicious. Any attempt to make the problem a pseudo-religious one, any sort of approach except that which seeks, by one way or another, to root out the economic causes of war, is just so much wasted energy. There is more probability that Mr. Nearing's hard-headed economic approach will teach us how to end war than that Mr. Stratford's suggestions will hoist us into paradise on the wings of the dove of peace.

C. Hartley Grattan

The Revival of Donne

A Garland for John Donne. Edited by Theodore Spencer. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

As T. S. Eliot remarks in the introductory essay of this volume: "The progress of the reputation of Donne in the last twenty years or so is a curious chapter in the history of reputations." Nor does Mr. Eliot exaggerate his case when he says that his discovery of Donne was not unique and that Donne's influence upon our contemporaries is as deep and perhaps more far-reaching than the influence exerted by the French symbolists. I would agree that the phenomenon is curious and of growing importance, but by no means inexplicable.

It might be well to carry Mr. Eliot's speculations one step farther and contend that Donne's influence was not at all accidental. Although T. S. Eliot has done much toward fixing Donne's name in the minds of contemporary critics, we must assume that a number of poets were ready to assimilate whatever Donne had to offer them. An appreciation of John Donne requires a particular sympathy for the character of his mind, and without that sympathy both Eliot and Donne would remain literary curiosities, excellent artists of their kind, but well divorced from the public that has already welcomed them.

If we examine the poetry of the past ten years, we must also account for an enthusiastic reception of Emily Dickinson and Gerard Manley Hopkins. And again, as in the case of John Donne, we have an appreciation of poetry that is religious in its connotations, and is loosely defined as "metaphysical." Today the term "metaphysical" would carry a different set of associations from those current when it was applied to Donne by Ben Jonson. It would include the poetry of Blake, Albert Einstein's investigations in the field of abstract mathematics, and William James's extraordinary researches into the variety of his religious experience. It would imply, on the part of the poet, a self-analysis that transcends personal emotion, and a fusion of apparently irreconcilable vocabularies and images that are bound together for the purpose of expressing his precise reaction to his spiritual and realistic environment. It is to be noted that John Donne's poetry contains, along with other characteristics, the following elements: a rapid transition from personal experience into religious emotion; a vocabulary and images that are non-literary and chosen for speed, force, and dramatic effect. The manner is conversational, and depends upon its own system of metrics rather than the formal laws of poetry which preceded it. These particular characteristics mark the poetry of Emily Dickinson, Hart Crane, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and the prose of Herman Melville. "Batter my heart, three-personed God" is a terse example of Donne's method, and though his vitality is unique, one may find traces of his manner running through much of the devotional poetry that we read today.

There are indications that the so-called metaphysical poets of the present decade have occasioned a sharp break away from the poetry that distinguished the preceding ten years. Such critics as H. L. Mencken and Max Eastman are bewildered by the change, yet neither of the two achieves a genuine diagnosis of the causes of the disease. They seem to be quite unconscious that the maladjustment of the contemporary metaphysical poet has its own significance, and that a poet such as T. S. Eliot

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has the problem of reconciling the culture and beliefs of the past with the melodramatic impact of contemporary civilization. If the modern poet is to escape or protect himself from the symbol of "The Waste Land," it is more than likely that he will be forced to search out new religious experiences or return to the old. And it is only natural that he should attempt to express himself in a new technique, comparable in its precise use of words to the highly specialized equipment of a scientific laboratory.

Specialized examination of each word or line in a poem is a current practice in contemporary criticism and the writing of poetry. Again we find a reason for an actual appreciation of such artists as Donne, whose work, carelessly read, disintegrates into a spectrum of brilliant paradoxes. The system that he organized in his poetry combined the elements of two conflicting philosophies which dominated his age—scholasticism and the new spirit in science which followed the Renaissance. Although it may be dangerous to push the analogy which joins Donne's type of thinking to our mind into an exact parallel, there is enough similarity between his mind and the character of our own search for religious conviction to effect sympathetic communication. Even the materialism of the Soviet state in Russia is sustained by a dialectic based upon a paradox of religious faith. The means by which a contemporary Marxian arrives at his conclusions are not at all unlike those of the expert theologians who built the delicate, flesh-embodied structures of Anglican and Roman Catholicism.

Of the eight essays which comprise this volume, written to commemorate Donne's excellence, four may be read with interest by the general reader. These are T. S. Eliot's discussion of Donne in Our Day; Evelyn Simpson's analysis of Martial's influence on Donne's Paradoxes and Problems; Donne and the Poetry of Today, by George Williamson; and, finally, Theodore Spencer's brief summary of Donne and His Age. The remaining four essays are contributed by Mario Praz, John Hayward, John Sparrow, and Mary Paton Ramsay. Although these latter essays serve to clarify academic discussion of Donne's value, they are written with an eye toward questions of technical dispute and carry with them the atmosphere of theses written for a Ph.D. These further speculations, however, should be welcomed rather than rejected, and the entire volume deserves to be read by anyone with a special interest in the more recent developments in contemporary poetry.

HORACE GREGORY

Notes on Fiction

Thirteen Men in the Mine. By Pierre Hubermont. Translated by L. H. Titterton. Illustrated by Ben Knotts. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Thirteen Belgian miners are trapped in a mine slide. Industrial necessity demands that they be walled up beyond rescue. The problem before the young engineer who must make the decision forms the slender thread on which the novel is strung. The staccato method, which is hampered by an uneven translation, defeats the purpose of the novel. The force of the conception of the class struggle passes beyond the story proper and leaves the novel's emotional quality untouched. What might have been a significant labor novel is only an ordinary one.

Recaptured. By Colette. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

"Recaptured" continues the story of Renée the vagabond, who is now retired from the stage, at loose ends, bored, unhappy, and empty. Half the novel is concerned with this in-

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"To read it is to share the adventures of one discriminating soul among our native masterpieces."—Joseph Wood Krutch. Royal 8vo, 624 pages, indexed. $4.00

Coming, as it does, from the new liberated Russia, this volume is nothing short of sensational—and a real bombshell in the camp of feminism.

The Biological Tragedy of Woman

By **ANTON NEMILOV, M. D.**
Translated from the Russian by Stephanie Ofental

We have come to accept woman's independence, and her fitness for jobs that once were men's, as a matter of course. Yet, now an eminent scientist says that while she may be on man's plane intellectually, woman can never successfully compete for man's place, because of the terrible biological handicap with which nature has saddled her. Many people will disagree with Dr. Nemilov's thesis — but every intelligent person will want to read it, and discuss it.

The Translation has been made from the 5th (revised) Russian Edition

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between period; the second part relates the complications attending the third and final love of her life. Structurally the novel is far more interesting than its predecessor, for it is not so simple or so obvious. As usual in Colette, those passages which deal directly with the sexual relations of the characters are unsurpassable. The novel seems to have, in retrospect, more force than it does at the time of reading. The wordiness of the first section assumes a validity for the mood it has established, and each lifeless episode takes on point. In many ways it is the best of Colette's novels.

The Virtuous Knight. By Robert Emmet Sherwood. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Written in a very ordinary style and exploiting somewhat the same method of putting modern man in an ancient setting which made "The Road to Rome" at once so cheap and so popular a satire, this novel tells the story of a young man who goes on a crusade, learns that worldly criteria are not all, loses his religion but not his virginity, gains an agnosticism very much like that of any of the youths whose experiences formed the subject of many novels in the last decade, and finally returns, after singular adventures, to his own land, unable to overcome the reader's (presumable) prejudice against polygamy for Anglo-Saxons. It is not so bad as might be expected; it is merely mediocre.

Four Frightened People. By E. Arnot Robertson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

A woman past thirty, a near-sighted married man, a British columnist, and a cheerful female busybody desert a ship stricken with bubonic plague and plunge through a Malay forest. Their adventures, as told by the woman, have an air of reality about them; the emotional complexities, the delays, the contacts with natives, the subtle but not drastic changes in character, the abandonment of the busybody in the middle of the forest, make a story which would have been more effective if it had not been told in the first person.

Music

Technical Criticism

PERHAPS the only professional musicians who take concert criticism seriously are the critics themselves. Except by amateurs and general readers, it is usually looked on as mildly useless if not actually pernicious. Useless because no critic, even with the equipment which, it is felt, reviewers too often lack, could day after day give accurate judgments on works and performances for which he has had no time to prepare, or upon which to reflect. Pernicious, perhaps, because his ill-considered and unequipped judgments, set forth with an air of authority, are invested by the uninformed reader with an unmerited importance.

The practical obstacles to music criticism in the newspapers are real and perhaps insuperable. The newspaper demands, above all, readability—an inviting column for the general reader. Now the general reader is not interested in music criticism, and never will be. There is no more reason for anyone without some genuine interest in and knowledge of the subject to read the concert reviews than the financial columns. The sports writer does not hesitate to write a jargon so technical as to be almost unintelligible to any but a regular reader. But while you will find, if you read concert reviews regularly, literary curiosities and flights of lyrical description by the dozen, any reference to specific musical questions in specific terms is almost entirely absent. I daresay that between "dominant seventh" and "illecebrous" most of the readers of concert reviews would choose the former as the less esoteric term. But while the enlargement of descriptive vocabularies in strange directions goes on constantly, the avoidance of the simplest and commonest technical terms is almost complete and universal.

Now, while in the criticism of musical works the critic may perhaps be permitted to send his soul adventuring among masterpieces, and to record its experiences in appropriately perfumed prose, the newspaper is hardly the place, or the hours between the close of the concert and the newspaper's deadline the occasion, for glowing interpretations of the sort. If the hurried record of fleeting impressions is of importance in any respect, it concerns performance. And while critical applause almost has to be recorded in general terms and figures of speech, since the direct description of musical emotions in words is impossible, there is no reason why critical dissent should not be pointed by specific references in technical terms. The chief weaknesses of concert criticism are, I think, journalistic, the result largely of the fact that most of the critics began as newspapermen. Music criticism is to them a branch of journalism, and the readability of their columns means even more to them than their critical accuracy.

But even freed from journalistic exigencies, real or imagined, the path of the concert critic is not a clear one. Many important aspects of performance defy the application of anything like objective standards. Tone quality, for example, conditions the effectiveness of almost all other aspects of performance; but "good" and "bad" are hardly more than terms of personal preference when applied to it. "Fast" and "slow," too, as Riemann pointed out, are conceptions that vary greatly from person to person, according to physical and nervous constitution; to tempi in performance it is hard to apply any standards but those of one's own taste and tendency.

But there are questions of proportion, based on melodic, harmonic, or rhythmic structure, which can hardly be called matters of mere personal preference. Twice in his recent performance of the "Unfinished Symphony" Mr. Bruno Walter definitely broke the rhythmic continuity of transitional passages —the one leading to the second theme of the first movement, where the retard came four measures too early; and the one leading to the return of the first theme of the second movement, broken two measures before its real end, I think. The whole significance of these transitional passages seems to me to depend on the inevitability with which they lead to salient points in the musical structure. The composer is assured that in performance the melodic and harmonic aspects of that inevitability will be clear because notation is tolerably definite in those respects. But for the true communication of that feeling of inevitable progression his music must depend on a similarly unarrested dynamic and rhythmic flow, which, since notation is still not adequate to express it clearly, must be inferred by the performer from the melodic and harmonic circumstances. This, I think, Mr. Walter failed to do, and if I am right he thereby distorted the shape of the work so that details of his performance, however beautifully executed, lost their place and much of their significance.

On the same program with the "Unfinished Symphony" Mr. Walter played the Fifth Symphony of Mahler. The reviewers the next day were concerned almost entirely with the Mahler work, which New York critics can hardly know thoroughly, nearly to the exclusion of the Schubert symphony, on which, if on anything, their standards of performance should be well established. On so complicated a mixture as the Mahler a critical opinion based on less than thorough knowledge of the work must be of doubtful value at best; nor is reference to or description of the beauties of the "Unfinished," to which discussion of that part of the program was largely confined,

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quite news. My particular objections to Mr. Walter's performance may be unfounded, and my understanding of the structure of the "Unfinished" quite wrong. But criticism based on a true understanding of such questions and devoting more of its attention to them would, I think, have a value for musicians and students and merit an authority among laymen which the generally impressionistic journalism of our music columns too often lacks.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Guild Goes Irish

DENIS JOHNSTON'S "The Moon in the Yellow River" (Guild Theater) opens with a soliloquy by a comic servant and soon thereafter gets down to the serious business of the evening, which consists in a plot to blow up the power-house. It contains, in other words, pretty nearly everything which one has come to expect in a modern Irish play, and it produces upon an alien audience the same general conviction produced by others of its kind—namely, that Ireland is a country where there are almost as many political factions as there are individuals and where the only characteristic common to all is a desire to fight it out.

Beyond that it is rather difficult for an outsider to go. He can vaguely recognize the satiric speeches which were intended to start riots in various sections of the audience, and he can also recognize those others which were no doubt signals for bursts of united patriotic enthusiasm. But it all seems pretty far away and it is difficult not to feel that it is a private fight after all. It is too bad that the "boy" who has joined the constabulary of the Free State should consider it his unpleasant duty to shoot down his irreconcilable pal. It is also too bad that he should be compelled to take it for granted that he in his turn will be shot in the back by another and equally high-minded patriot. But since all concerned seem to think the process necessary, it is hardly worth while for a neutral to protest. As Anatole France has so wisely remarked, "Chacun fait son salut comme il peut," and as an earlier sage had previously proclaimed, "De gustibus—" et cetera. All peoples have a penchant for metaphysical discussion but only the Irish, it would appear, insist upon concluding every syllogism with a club or a gun.

The play at present in question seems to have been written with considerable seriousness and considerable skill. It has certainly been produced very expertly by the Guild and acted by a highly competent cast. For these reasons, if for no others, I should very much like to be able to report just what the conclusions reached by the author are and to differentiate between his attitude and that, let us say, of Mr. O'Casey. But I am sorrowfully compelled to admit that I am utterly unable to do anything of the sort and that I must rest content with a very summary account of the proceedings. The general subject of discussion is "progress," and the question at issue is the question of whether or not it is desirable that Ireland should be industrialized. A German engineer thinks that it is desirable and a gallant if somewhat too hard-drinking patriot thinks that it is not. Naturally, therefore, the patriot plans to blow up the power-house which the German has built; and to make things clearer, a running comment on the whole affair is supplied by an insane gentleman who has retired to a hermitage on his native soil. The power-house is destroyed but the patriot is assassinated, and so, I presume, everybody is supposed to be satisfied.

Since the German gets rather the worst of the arguments,

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

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Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Alvin—52 St. W. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Moon in the Yellow River—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
There's Always Juliet—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
Trick for Trick—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

DANCE

League for Industrial Democracy, dance and "Crab The Works," Friday, March 11, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St.

FIRST NIGHTS

March 7, Alice Sit-by-the-Fire—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.
March 7, Money in the Air—Ritz—48 St. W. of B'way.
March 9, Night Over Taos—48 St.—48 St. E. of B'way.

I deduce that the author of the play has his doubts about "progress." Since the blowing up is finally accomplished, not in accordance with the plans of the patriot but as the result of pure accident, I deduce still further that some satire on Irish inefficiency is also intended. But I should not be surprised to be told that I had missed the point entirely. Indeed, I repeatedly had the sense that the author was trying to say something very subtle which was passing just over my head, and up to the last scene of all, I was prepared to admit that in Dublin, where the allusions were clear and the symbols understandable, "The Moon in the Yellow River" might be a very significant play. But doubts were reborn during that last scene, in the course of which the madman addresses to his young daughter some general remarks on unhappiness as the necessary condition of human greatness and concludes that God and the devil are probably only two aspects of the same person. What I did understand was, in other words, so excessively commonplace that I lost faith in what I did not, and I am therefore ready to risk a dogmatic judgment: "The Moon in the Yellow River" is a puzzling and not exactly boresome play but it is not a particularly good one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Riddle Me This!" (John Golden Theater), containing as it does Frank Craven, Thomas Mitchell, and a murder mystery that consists in an innocent man being—almost—railroaded to the electric chair although the audience saw the guilty man commit the murder, provides plenty of cheerful entertainment for an evening. The victim, Georgette Spelvin, who has to lie on the floor playing dead for forty-five minutes, without e'er a sneeze, is getting less credit as an actress than she deserves.

D. V. D.

Films

"Elemental Hoke"

THE movies do improve, and consciously, but the demonstrated necessity for covering their tracks as they approach an intellectual level above twelve years is so great that the real question is why adult movies exist at all. Even in the metropolitan picture houses the advent of the Lunts in "The Guardsman" was announced in frightened advertisements built upon the theme: "Don't let the title mislead you. It's a laugh riot." Likewise, though with less reason, the salesmen for Constance Bennett's latest picture attempted to coat it with whatever it is the millions find most palatable. It was given the sensational title of "Lady with a Past" and the announcements promised that Miss Bennett would wear eighteen new gowns.

But apparently the eighteen gowns and the title are not enough, for *Variety* predicts only a fair future for the picture in the following succinct terms:

> For all its excellent direction, civilized dialogue, and admirably sustained sophisticated mood, this Constance Bennett picture will not gross as much as its predecessors. Its story is casual, it lacks necessary elemental hoke. . . . It takes solid American beliefs too lightly to align the matrons and hinterland ladies in smashing box-office numbers.

There is little to be added to this appraisal, except to say that it is just. "Lady with a Past" (Mayfair) is authentic American comedy, directed with gaiety by E. H. Griffith. The dialogue is bright and believable, rather than sensational. The acting is convincing throughout. The tempo is a little slow at first but picks up rapidly, particularly after the appearance

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of Ben Lyon as the "sort of gigolo" who pilots the wallflower Miss Bennett through the experiences in Paris that every young girl should have. Finally, its boy-and-girl situation is so thoroughly natural in its presentation that it produces a sense of reality out of proportion to its scope or importance.

"Arsène Lupin" (Capitol), in which the two Barrymores, Lionel and John, are starred, is a lumbering, unsubtle production completely lacking in conviction. There are long scenes in which the two main characters cease being the police chief and the clever crook to become two Barrymores attitudinizing at each other. Assuredly, John is the lesser actor of the two. Moreover, he seems unable to discard the characteristics of his customary melodramatic roles, especially the piercing glances he employed so freely in "The Mad Genius." But both the Barrymores are in danger of being dated by an elaborate, old-fashioned brand of acting which is emphasized when they play together.

In "Lovers Courageous" the movies yield to another of their less admirable weaknesses. Having heard that Frederick Lonsdale was a successful playwright, Hollywood hired him to write a picture. The result is not surprising. "Lovers Courageous" is an extended, formless outpouring of pleasant dialogue agreeably recited by Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans (two excellent performers who deserve a much better play) in a long series of scenes monotonous in situation and directed toward no climax, accompanied by a plot extremely banal and long-drawn-out.

If the movies are sometimes annoying in their insistence on "elemental hoke," they are at least much more adroit at handling it than the scientists who sponsored "The Blonde Captive." This record of an expedition to the hot, desolate north shores of Australia is interesting as long as it deals with giant turtles, the duck-billed platipus, and frightful-looking natives who are obviously not far removed from Neanderthal. When it introduces an episode, "based on facts," of a white woman living among these natives, it appears that the scientists were either too cautious or too inexperienced to select a woman with sex appeal. As a result the episode produces neither scientific nor romantic satisfaction.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

GEORGE T. ALTMAN has made extensive researches in the field of taxation and contributed articles on the subject to various magazines.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE will publish in the spring a book entitled "Challenge to Defeat: Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century."

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun,* is author of "The History of the Democratic Party."

ALLEN TATE is the author of "Mr. Pope, and Other Poems."

JOSEPH FREEMAN is coauthor of "Dollar Diplomacy" and "Voices of October."

EDWARD DAHLBERG is the author of "Bottom Dogs."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Why We Fought."

HORACE GREGORY has recently published a translation of Catullus.

AMICUS MOST, who was campaign manager for Norman Thomas in the last city elections, returned last summer from two years spent in Rumania as an engineer.

PLAYS □ RECITALS □ LECTURES

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Rumanian Communists in Jail

By AMICUS MOST

MY friend was in jail. He had been sentenced for four years for the high crime of an "attempt to change the form of the government," and the basis of his conviction had been a written but unpublished article which had been instigated by an *agent provocateur*. He, his wife who was carrying the article to the printer, and the printer who was going to print it had all been sentenced. My friend's brother and myself were going to visit him.

The old train rumbled out of Bucharest through the flat plateau, then through the oil-refinery district of Ploesti, and finally through wonderful valleys where we gazed up at the beautiful snow-capped crests of the Carpathians. The scenery made us forget the hardness of the wooden seats and the discomfort and dirt of a third-class Rumanian railway car. Peasants in their native costumes that looked so picturesque from the vantage-point of the train window lost some of their charm when seated next to us, eating their mamaliga and brinza. We finally arrived at the delightful little town of S——. The prison was located on the mountain top, overlooking the valley and town, and approachable only by a tortuous and unpaved road, typical of most roads in this country, and absolutely impassable for any sort of vehicle. Even the prison supplies had to be painfully carried up on men's backs.

Arriving at the clearing in front of the gray stone walls that formed the penitentiary at S—— we were stopped by a blue-uniformed prison guard armed with a bayoneted rifle. After we had explained our business, the guard took our papers inside to have them examined. After a long time he came out and wanted to know if I were a foreign newspaperman, but I carefully showed him the word "engineer" on my passport, and explained that I was in Rumania building roads for an American concern. After another interminable wait we were finally admitted into the building and ushered into a severe room furnished only with a large bare table.

My friend D—— was brought in. He was emaciated, pale, and dressed in the shabbiest sort of clothes, his feet wrapped in rags instead of shoes. I had remembered him as a husky, healthy-looking person of the football-player type. I was so overcome by his appearance that I could hardly greet him. However, there was a fire in his eyes that I had never seen before—the fire of martyrdom. One is wont to criticize martyrs. I shall never do so again. All that is left to them is the strength of their ideals. His brother had brought along some newspapers, a great chunk of raw meat, a dozen large loaves of black bread, a sack of cornmeal (the ingredient for the Rumanian mamaliga), and a bundle of boards. The guard examined everything, prodded the meat with his dirty hands, cut open the bread, ran his bayonet through the sack of meal, and looked over the papers to see if they were admissible.

D—— started to talk to me in French, it being the only language we had in common. The guard, unable to understand our conversation, protested. Then there started the sort of comedy that could only happen in the Balkans. D—— yelled at the guard, the guard yelled back at him, and finally my friend, grabbing me by the arm, rushed into the warden's office. After another long wrangle we were permitted to remain in the warden's office and continue talking in French.

D—— told me his story—a tale of pain, privation, hunger, disease, torture, cold, dirt, homosexuality due to sex starvation, and, worst of all, the terrible fear of insanity from lack of mental or physical activities. It is too long to repeat in detail. I will only attempt to summarize. I must say at this point that through it all ran a note of tragic comedy, owing to the prodigious inefficiency and bad management of all Rumanian organizations.

The government budgets ten lei (six cents) per day per prisoner, and by the time all the graft has been subtracted, it amounts to three lei. The prisoners have to rely upon the generosity of their friends and relatives on the outside for their food, clothes, medicines, and so on. Those who have been in so long as to be forgotten by everyone, rely upon the kindness of the other prisoners, or upon the few lei they are able to earn or steal from the wealthier ones. The eighty-odd political prisoners were lucky in having outside organizations to help them, but being sincere Communists, they shared their mites with the rest, and even with the guards, who were themselves often unpaid and always underfed, so that their lot was not much better than that of the prisoners. The prisoners were given the privilege of working, but they had to arrange for the purchase of tools and raw materials through friends and out of their own funds, and market the products in the same manner. If they could succeed in doing all this, they then had to turn over to the prison authorities 65 per cent of the selling price, which meant that they would lose on the deal, so most of them did nothing. The boards which my friend's brother had brought were materials to work with. It gets terrifically cold in those mountains, but no fuel was supplied until late in January, although the country all about abounds in forests. Of course bathing was impossible in the extreme cold. Tuberculosis and other diseases were rife, but medicine, bandages, or even care were only available to those who could pay for them. The prison physician had a cruel sense of humor and would often prescribe "freedom" as the cure for all prisoners, and laugh heartily at his little joke.

The "politicals" were in a class by themselves. Known as trouble-makers and radicals, they were especially persecuted. They had painfully won some privileges through the weapon of the hunger strike, which they often used with success, because the authorities were afraid to let them die on account of the unwelcome publicity that would ensue. They were "bad" for the others, putting strange ideas into their heads, and fighting injustices, and the other prisoners were entirely too friendly and grateful to the "politicals" to suit the authorities. The warden wanted very much to separate them, but could not do so because the extreme cold

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necessitated placing all prisoners in a few large rooms. But the Communists were subjected to special forms of torture. When transported from one prison to another they had their legs shackled, and upon the slightest infractions of the prison rules they were put in unheated and unlighted solitaries.

We were granted permission to visit the interior of the prison. All prisoners were kept together, irrespective of age, crime, disease, or degree of degeneracy—hardened criminals were mixed with young first offenders, murderers with traffic violators. In one corner I saw a group playing cards and using slices of bread as stakes. D—— pointed out to me the sick ones, lying on the wooden benches that served for beds. The dirt was appalling. At one point we ran across the prison library. In looking over the books I noticed a number of radical and communistic titles. D—— explained that the prison censors were unusually stupid and almost illiterate, so anything written by a Russian was taboo, including books by such as Tolstoy, but there could be nothing wrong in a good German name like Karl Marx.

He introduced me to some of the other "politicals"—keen, intelligent men, all with fire in their eyes and the mark of suffering on their faces. Their morale, instead of being broken by this terrible suffering, was strengthened. When one realizes that these were marked men, men who were doomed to return again and again to live under these awful conditions, or to die some mysterious death upon their release, one marvels at that strength. D—— told me of one of the boys who had recently completed his prison term. As he was approaching his doorstep, he was set upon by "bandits" and killed. There was only one escape. If during their prison terms they showed signs of reform, they would be allowed to spend the rest of their lives unmolested. But none chose that release. If anything, their incarceration made them more radical, more firm in their beliefs, and more anxious to fight the battles of the under-dog. I asked D—— if he would leave the country upon his release, possibly to go to Russia. He was almost insulted. "I must fight—there are many battles yet." What is it that makes these spirits so strong? Among these men there was one curious case, a former police official who had sold certain information to the Soviets and been caught. They all suspected that his professed ideology was faked and scorned him.

As I was leaving I secretly pressed into D——'s hand all the money I could spare. He returned the large notes, because they would cause suspicion and be confiscated (the largest Rumanian banknote is 1,000 lei or six dollars) and kept only the small ones.

D—— had told me that he was to be sent that very afternoon to another prison, ostensibly to appear in a court case as witness for other Communists on trial, but he was afraid it was merely a ruse to send him to the terrible salt mines. We waited outside to see him conducted to the train. He and a group of about forty were marched out surrounded by fifteen heavily armed men. He, the only political prisoner, had his legs shackled, making it very difficult to walk. At the station, attached to the regular train, was the "Black Maria" car. Our police wagons are cushioned limousines in comparison. The car was divided into two compartments of about fifteen by eight feet, with only one little barred opening for light and air in each. One was already occupied by women prisoners who had been there for more than two days, the car being sent from place to place to make deliveries and collections. There were no lights and the only food they had was that which the prisoners themselves brought along. All the forty men were searched, and any money upon them was taken away for fear they would bribe the guards to allow them to escape, which could be done for a surprisingly small sum. They were then marched into the vacant compartment, most of them to remain standing for hours in the dark because it was impossible for all to be seated in that small space.

I sadly climbed into our car and could not help feeling how comfortable were the wooden third-class seats, how pleasant the dimly lighted compartments, and how nice the smells of the peasants about me.

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